

*An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts*

# The CANADIAN FORUM

36th Year of Issue

Toronto, Ontario, January, 1957

Fifty Cents

## Canada and World Police

"There is only one thing worse than injustice and that is Justice without her sword in her hand."—OSCAR WILDE.

► WITH THE ABOVE title and aphorism *The Canadian Forum* of May, 1943, published my plea for a new world organization endowed with indispensable physical power. Today there appears a glimmer of hope that this long-cherished ideal may at last enjoy a modicum of fulfillment. If it does, then good may emerge from recent evils.

Meantime, Canadian sponsorship and leadership of an embryonic UN Police Force illustrates our country's happy reversal of its policies as practised in the old League of Nations. The change was first decisively announced by Prime Minister Mackenzie King, on August 11, 1944, when he pledged Canada's support for any future police force or international army agreed upon by the consulting nations.

The basic cause of our conversion to this uncongenial concept lies in the fact that whereas thirty-two years ago even our enlightened Senator Dandurand could believe that "Canadians live in a fire-proof house, far from all inflammable materials," today the average citizen knows that we are caught in the power zone between the two giants. We are now united in one hope: world order through the right of law.

In my article of thirteen years ago, I made some points which may bear repetition. One interesting but half-forgotten fact is that in 1910, at the instigation of Theodore Roosevelt, the U.S. Congress unanimously passed a resolution in favor of "constituting the combined navies of the world an international force for the preservation of peace"—a proposal promptly vetoed by the German Kaiser. President Wilson, in his earlier advocacy of a League of Nations, held that peace was to be made secure by the "organized major force of mankind." However, by 1919, political opposition at home forced him to retreat from his own doctrine despite the impassioned pleadings of the French and other danger-conscious peoples.

During the period 1920 to 1933 these insecure nations repeatedly but vainly pressed various plans for League police upon the Council and Assembly. During the Manchurian crisis, Lord Lytton's Committee unsuccessfully proposed an international gendarmerie for the disputed areas. Canada's delegate to Geneva, Hon. C. H. Cahan, believed that the Parliament of Canada would not "appropriate a single dollar toward maintaining a single company of troops in the Far East for that purpose." Possibly not; yet in 1928, in Winni-

peg, after an address by this writer on the police problem, Canada's then most eminent editor, the late Dr. J. W. Dafoe, had expressed his belief that "a three-months press campaign could rally public opinion to the support of the idea." Alas! there was no campaign. Finally, I admitted that "a genuine international police effort" would pre-suppose Russia's support. Even Stalin had laid it down that the inner directorate of the future organization should be British-Russian-American. (Last November 23, General Burns stated that his "new unprecedented force" would depend for ultimate success upon the loyalty of the great powers.)

The educative horrors of World War II convinced the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian nations that the new world organization must possess military force to defend its members against aggression. Accordingly in 1945 the truly revolutionary Chapter VII was written into the Charter of the United Nations. It provided for a UN army, composed of national contingents, at the disposal of a Security Council empowered to designate the aggressor and set in motion the collective action necessary to maintain or restore peace, with the aid of a Military Staff Committee.

Unhappily the widening chasm between East and West rendered the Committee's meeting futile after two years of

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## Current Comment

### The New Conservative Leader

John Diefenbaker's first ballot victory of 774 votes out of the 1284 cast in the three way contest for the leadership of the Progressive Conservative party was clearly not "an overwhelming majority" as some newspapers have reported. In fact he got fewer votes than George Drew did in 1948 when he won the leadership with a first ballot vote of 827 out of 1242, and Mr. Drew at that time was by no means popular throughout all of his party.

Likewise Mr. Diefenbaker begins without full party support. His nomination was the only one of the three not seconded by a French-speaking Canadian and when he made his acceptance speech the seats previously occupied on the convention floor by the Quebec delegation were either empty or silent. Throughout the convention Quebec was an island of calm amidst the tumultuous seas of Diefenbaker applause, and an ominous note was struck when the French Canadians paid their highest tribute to Mr. Drew—and even to Premier Frost—by singing "*Il a gagné ses épaullettes*" but remained mute for the new leader. His praises were sung in English: "For he's a jolly good fellow" . . . but not in Quebec apparently.

Mr. Diefenbaker's inability to carry the whole country with him represents graphically the greatest single weakness of the Tory party. In spite of a genuine attempt at the convention to present a national appeal (no expense or effort was spared to have bilingual signs, chairmen, and working papers, and there was a room full of translators) the Conservative party continues to be by nature intuitively Anglo-Saxon. Its reflex actions are automatically British (note the immediate ardent defense of Britain in the recent Middle East debate in parliament and outside) though like a man struggling to broaden his limited perspective the party's second thoughts are often more considered and eclectic (the policy resolutions on the Middle East presented to the delegates made no mention of Britain and could have come just as easily from the Liberals or the C.C.F.).

The tragedy of the Tory party is that it cannot free itself from its inherent Anglo-Saxon personality, try as it will, and this inhibition is slowly fossilising it in a country which is working out its own national character compounded of not just Anglo-Saxons but one third French Canadians and a steady stream of new Canadians to whom Macdonald's battle cry "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die" means nothing. A casual survey of the delegates' name tags revealed few foreign names. There were no official words spoken or written in any language except English or French and no indication that the party was even aware of the existence of other people in the country. The sight of so many enthusiastic young persons and women (about 40 percent of the representatives were women) was proof that the party has tried hard to broaden its approach, but it was sad that nearly all the delegates appeared to be from one community—English, Scotch or Irish descent, Protestant, well-heeled, upper middle class or farmers. The Conservatives could profit from the remarks of a group of immigrants in Toronto recently—that they would believe the Tories were not intrinsically pro-British when they nominated some parliamentary candidates with foreign names.

Now Mr. Diefenbaker, despite the accident of name, fits into the Tory mould. A fourth generation Canadian on both sides of the family (his mother's name was Bannerman), he was born in Ontario, raised in Saskatchewan, became a barrister, and is a Baptist and a 32nd degree Mason. He gives

every indication of possessing the annoying Anglo-Saxon faculty of being oblivious to any other group. Certainly he is not *sympathique* with the French Canadians, a fact which is undoubtedly the subconscious source of their coldness to him. In his acceptance speech, after beginning with a laudatory reference to "the principles of Macdonald and Cartier" and a pledge to support them, he tossed off a few sentences in badly pronounced French and then, as though having despatched the obligatory, he went on to express the hope that his desk in the Commons would be shared by—a French Canadian? A Cartier to his Macdonald? No, George Drew! Since the French Canadians hardly regard George Drew as their Cartier, they must have concluded that talk is cheap and this was another of Mr. Diefenbaker's platitudes.

In the latter category the new leader excels. He can knock out a ringing platitude with such sincerity that one is inclined to think he believes them himself. His speeches are loaded with them and his first press conference as leader ended with a masterpiece. After ten or fifteen minutes of answering questions without saying anything:

"Would you accept Social Credit support?"

"I will accept the support of anybody who supports me."

"Does this mean you would accept amalgamation with the Social Credit party?"

"Well, that would have to be a parliamentary caucus decision."

"And when will the caucus meet?"

"I haven't had time to decide yet."

He then told the reporters to always feel free to come to him for a full and frank discussion of public issues.



### Body and Soul

By D.R.G. Owen, author of *Scientism, Man and Religion*. A brilliant defense of the Biblical view of man as supported by scientific studies of human nature. The author contrasts the Biblical view of man as a unified person with "religious" concepts of body-soul dualism. A book for the layman as well as for the clergyman. \$3.75

THE RYERSON PRESS  
299 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO 2-B

### THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXXVI, No. 432

Editorial Board: A. F. B. Clark, Edith Fowke, C. A. Grassick, Gordon Hawkins, Felix Lazarus, Kay Morris, Dennis H. Wrong.

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Published each month by  
CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED  
36 Yonge Street, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada

Telephone: EM. 3-0145

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request

Mr. Diefenbaker talks a good fight even if he does not know at times what he is talking about. (His performance at the Couchiching Conference last summer was an outstanding illustration. Far from showing himself the expert on foreign affairs which he is reputed to be, he demonstrated in the most embarrassing manner his lack of information.) However, it is true that this has not hurt him with the general public which is impressed with platitudes, especially if they are delivered in an earnest and explosive manner.

The myth has, therefore, grown up, fostered by the press for some reason—the Liberal press perhaps, which wished to depreciate Mr. Drew by comparison—that Mr. Diefenbaker is not only an expert in external affairs but a tireless fighter for civil liberties and a great leader. This conception is so widespread that the French Canadian motorman on the street car taking me to the convention Coliseum remarked that he "sure hoped that Diefenbaker would win—because he fought for the little guys and wasn't afraid to speak up to the big men."

It is harder to substantiate this record from the facts. Apart from the Etier School case and his annual plea in parliament for a Canadian bill of rights—for which Croll, Coldwell, and Roebuck have fought just as hard—there is not much in his accomplishments to justify his inflated reputation as a modern Milton. Possibly his success as a lawyer in the litigious West spawned the rumours.

With the exception of the prosperous Torontonians who backed his campaign, most of his own colleagues would be the first to admit privately that he has not got the qualities of a leader. He has been a lone wolf, skirting the pack often and skittishly independent and undependable. He does not possess the stability, doggedness, and cohesive power of a good leader, nor the ability to inspire the team, as distinguished from the spectators.

His appeal is entirely to the public, which has swallowed without realizing it the Diefenbaker Myth. It was for this reason that the party hierarchy acquiesced in his selection. As one disgruntled delegate said, "They would rather have a man they can win votes with in 1957 than some one they can win with in 1961." The party has sacrificed long run returns for quick gains and the Tories will be lucky if this short-sighted decision does not prove disastrous. For once Mr. Diefenbaker has run through his fund of popularity—and it may be sufficient to carry the Conservatives in the forthcoming election—his weaknesses will become glaringly apparent. They will be accentuated moreover by the continued indifference of Quebec and the scepticism of new Canadians.

It is a stark indictment of the Tory party that in two decades it has failed to produce one first class leader, some one with the capacities of Meighen or Bennett, the astuteness of King, or the distinction of St. Laurent. Mr. Drew came as close as any and was rising above his earlier personal limitations as well as the traditional confines of his Anglo-Saxon party when his career was cut short by ill health. The best the Conservatives have been able to do now is to replace him with a standardized spare part. Until the Tory party can branch out beyond its present inhibited character and develop a personality that grows and changes with the times, it is unlikely that it will be able to attract anything better than a second class leader.

A. VIXEN.

## Time to Trade With Mao?

Ever since the establishment of the Communist Chinese regime in October, 1949, ideological differences and the bitter impact of the "cold war" in Asia have separated Canada from China, a traditionally friendly Asian neighbour and an ally during World War II. Recognizing that ideological con-

flict will continue indefinitely and that political compromises with Red China are impossible, Canadian business circles are nevertheless suggesting that Red China as a trade prospect ought to be investigated now. Most of the new interest in China as a commercial possibility comes from British Columbia and from Vancouver in particular.

Last spring the British factory of Canada's Massey-Harris-Ferguson Ltd., the doyen of Canadian export enterprises, and a company which has made profits from earnings in almost all the world's currencies, sold 100 tractors to China. The export sales general manager and the market research manager of that company's British operations returned in the spring from a Chinese visit and made the astounding statement that Red China is not only the biggest untapped farm equipment market in the world, but that it will require 1,400,000 tractors by 1966. This amount exceeds the present world tractor total. Massey-Harris-Ferguson in Great Britain even speaks in terms of a factory in China itself and that orders could amount to \$250 millions a year. Presumably payments would be in sterling since Massey-Harris-Ferguson Ltd. does no barter business.

A few weeks ago, Earle Westwood, Minister of Trade and Industry in British Columbia's Social Credit government, stated that, . . . "the Chinese demand for fertilizer is so great that the annual requirements for the Shanghai area alone would absorb the total production of the Trail plant of Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co."

At the same time his department in Victoria issued an article in the *Monthly Bulletin of Business Activity* entitled "Expansion of Trading Horizons, Opportunities in China." This publication outlines our trade picture with Red China, the problem of obtaining export licences under the Strategic Materials Act and a brief report on China's current Five Year Plan (1952-1957), with its heavy emphasis on agricultural and capital equipment needs.

Most surprising of all is this sudden interest of a B.C. Social Credit cabinet member, representing a basically right wing party, in promoting trade with Peking. He has taken the initiative from both the Federal and provincial members of the CCF who have steadily advocated Canadian recognition of China and resumption of our trade with the mainland. Diplomatic recognition of China's Communist government has been demanded by the CCF since 1949 when Canada decided against it. Social Credit and Progressive Conservative leaders have consistently charged that an extreme left wing element in Canadian Socialism was responsible for demanding Canadian assent to the Communist victory in China and that their only solid support was coming from the leaders of the Labor Progressive (Communist) Party in the country.

So far, the only definite representation made by a Canadian businessman in Peking was carried out by a Vancouver exporter. He is Marshall Johnson, president of the East-West-Import-Export Co., who became sole North American representative for the state-operated National Tea Corporation. *The Vancouver Province* for May 17th, 1956, said he also was representing the "trade interests" of companies such as Canadian General Electric, the John Inglis Company (which is now making frozen fish machinery for the USSR), Burrard Dry Dock Company of Vancouver and Simonds Saws.

Although the Chinese have let it be known that they would buy Canadian-built shallow draught freighters and tug boats, the most likely avenue of trade would be through a major wheat order. As long as Canada's Strategic Materials Act and her military commitment to NATO are in force, the Red Chinese will never get Canadian ships of any kind.

Canada presently has major, long term wheat sales agreements with the USSR and her four biggest Eastern European

satellites which in total, make the European Communist bloc the fourth largest purchaser of Canadian wheat. With the perennial wheat surplus, Department of Trade and Commerce officials could be looking for more Communist business. In late 1955, when the Chinese were reported to be willing to exchange 5,000 tons of shelled peanuts for some of our wheat, Ottawa shied away from the prospect of "government-to-government dealings" with a regime it hasn't yet recognized. At the time C. D. Howe said, "all well and good" at the prospect of a private company making trade arrangements with China for a wheat deal.

The Canadian Exporters' Association began to show official interest in October, 1956, with the publication of a review of trade with Red China in its monthly bulletin. "Recently the government liaison committee of the association held discussion with the Department of Trade and Commerce on trade with Communist China," said the same laconic report.

Seen in historical perspective, successful trading across strong and hostile ideological barriers is neither new nor unprofitable. Though Christians and Moslem Turks were good customers of each other, they kept Cross and Crescent in mortal combat for over five centuries. The energetic, enterprising Italian commercial city states did a thriving business with the willing Turks. After the fall of Constantinople to the Turks in 1453 and the final destruction of the Byzantine Empire, both the Genoese and Venetian merchants kept their commercial properties, trading concessions and shipping routes in the new Ottoman territory. At times they fought the Turks as bitterly as we fought the Chinese in Korea in 1950-53. Other historical precedents could easily be found by any Canadian body that wanted to justify trade with Communist China.

Would a successful beginning to Canadian-Chinese trade start a thaw in U.S.-Chinese relations? Perhaps the Communist Chinese have this in the back of their minds.

JOHN D. HARBRON.

## Our Professor Brooks

"Crisis in the Making," the CBC's hour-long television attempt to define for the Canadian public the problems posed by the expected doubling of the university enrolments by 1956, did little good and must have done considerable harm. It did little good because it told the Canadian people little that they did not already know. It did harm by suggesting to the Canadian people that university professors are arrogant and complacent intellectual snobs.

If the CBC had presented "Crisis in the Making" six months before it did—at the start rather than at the end of a prolonged debate on the university question carried on at a series of conferences held at Montreal, Couchiching, St. Andrews, and Ottawa, which had been given excellent coverage by the national press—it would have rendered an important public service by directing attention to a problem of great complexity and heavy significance. On November 22, however, the Canadian public did not need to be introduced to the topic. The newspapers, the magazines, the CBC itself through its radio broadcasts, had prepared Canadians for something a good deal more rigorous than "Crisis in the Making" afforded. This is not, of course, the first time that CBC television has underestimated the intelligence and the staying power of its silent audience.

The November presentation did enable the CBC to take advantage of the highlights of the summer-long debate, and it must be admitted that full advantage was taken. The program included nearly a dozen superbly edited film inserts of university presidents and industrial leaders expounding specific aspects of the general problem: Bissell of Carleton,

McIntosh of Queen's, Mackenzie of U.B.C., James of McGill, Ambridge of Abitibi, Lanks of Dupont, Stratford of Imperial Oil, Duncan of the Hydro. Each was lucid, authoritative, alive. Each expressed strong opinions, but each had an impressive array of facts to support those opinions.

That opinions are worthless unless they are based on a serious study of the situation at hand was also made abundantly clear in the course of the program. At one stage the camera was focused on the faces of a series of men and women being interviewed by Mr. Byng Whittaker on a Toronto street corner. His question: "Do you feel that university education is a good thing?" Are you for or against sin? As might be expected, the answers were as vapid as those Mr. Whittaker received two days later to the questions he posed to the pair of ten-year olds whom the CBC had arranged to accompany him during the televising of the Santa Claus Parade.

The main weakness of "Crisis in the Making" resulted from the decision to dramatize the situation—as if the evidence presented by Bissell, Lank, McIntosh, *et al* was not itself sufficiently arresting. Four professional actors had been recruited to impersonate four representative Canadians—a business man, a housewife, a student, and a professor. Much of the program was devoted to their "dramatic" discussion of the university question. It is true that they spoke in character. Unfortunately two of the characters, the housewife and the student, were moronic to the point of implausibility; had it been possible to take them seriously, they would have been an insult to the "professions" they represented. Their contributions to the general discussion were appropriately fatuous, but this devotion to the cause of dramatic realism can hardly be said to have raised the quality of that discussion. The engineer and the professor, on the other hand, could be taken seriously; they possessed both intelligence and force, particularly the engineer, who bore a physical resemblance to the late Wendell Willkie and who suggested some of Willkie's nervous power. The engineer was not an insult to the profession he was supposed to represent. The professor was.

As portrayed by Lloyd Bochner, the professor was a posturing, pipe-smoking intellectual in a Brooks Brothers suit. His general tone was one of condescension. He viewed the engineer with bemused contempt, the student with resigned tolerance, the housewife with unconcealed disdain. Given this student and this housewife, his attitude was, of course, perfectly credible, but what was the effect of all this on the audience? Bochner is an actor of some power. It would be surprising if his interpretation of the Canadian professor as a patronizing intellectual snob did not serve to solidify a stereotype which, though it has no basis in fact, is already widely accepted.

The authorities agree that the professor is the key to the whole situation. Unless sufficient teachers can be recruited to educate the doubled enrolment of 1965, the adequate provision of classrooms, laboratories, libraries, residences, student unions and playing fields will be pointless. How to attract potential teachers and how to retain those already available—these are the crucial problems, and the secret to their solution lies in making the position attractive. It is not merely a question of money. The position must be an enviable one in terms of status, and it is the general public which defines status. It is of the utmost importance, then, that the general public be disabused of the idea that professors are absent-minded, that they live in ivory towers, that they are arrogant intellectual snobs. Since these stereotypes have no basis in fact—how could a professor afford to be absent-minded on his present salary—the task of reeducating the public to his actual problems and needs should not be difficult. All that is needed is to portray him as he is.

Some years ago, Miss Eve Arden received an award from an educational association in the United States for her "conspicuous services to education." Her contribution consisted of the portrayal of a high-school English teacher in the radio-television program "Our Miss Brooks," a portrayal, the citation claimed, which had brought to the American people a new understanding of the problems of the high school teacher. Miss Arden's expression on receiving this award was one of astonishment, a not surprising reaction since she herself must know that her Miss Brooks is a buffoon whose efforts are chiefly directed to attracting the amorous attentions of an equally half-witted biology teacher. It will be quite as ironic if we are soon to be exposed to an expression of tired complacency on the face of Mr. Bochner as he receives an award for "conspicuous services to the cause of higher education in Canada."

ROBIN S. HARRIS.

## Iron Curtain

*The Forum* wishes to call to the attention of its subscribers the December issue of the magazine *News from behind the Iron Curtain* published by Free Europe Committee, 2 Park Avenue, New York City 17. This issue is devoted exclusively to a report on the revolt in Hungary based on internal broadcasts by central and provincial radio stations in Hungary from October 23 to November 9. Much of the information has not been published in the Western press. The price is one dollar and if not available at the local newsstands could probably be had by writing to the Committee in New York.

## Canadian Calendar

- Dividend payments by Canadian firms in November 1956 are at record heights — \$23,586,094 compared with \$19,-142,717 a year ago.
- Premier Duplessis of Quebec stated on Nov. 21 that his government is ready to confer with Quebec universities and do what it finds possible to help them solve their financial problems but that he will never approve federal aid to provincial educational institutions.
- Exports of Canadian wheat and wheat-flour in the first 3 months of the current crop year were the highest since 1952 — 81,432,172 bushels compared with 59,599,806 in the same period last year. The figure topped totals for all years since 1952's 3-month total of 94,619,695.
- A crew from the University of British Columbia won a gold medal for Canada on Nov. 27 at the Olympic Games in Melbourne by its victory over the U.S. in the fours—without coxwain—boat-race.
- Immigration Minister Pickersgill announced to the Commons on Nov. 28 that all refugees coming to Canada from Hungary would be given free passage by the Canadian Government.
- The entire staff and student body of the forestry school of the University of Sopron in Hungary is expected to move to British Columbia, where the Powell River Pulp Co. had offered to provide accommodation and the University of British Columbia had agreed to accept the faculty in some form of affiliation.



- The 1956 census statistics show that Saskatchewan is being urbanized at a rapid pace. Cities, towns and villages have gained since 1951, while farm population has declined. Saskatoon increased its population since 1951 by 33 per cent to the figure of 70,000. Regina expanded by 25 per cent to a little under 90,000. On the other hand, the province had 140,000 farmers in the 1930's; now it has only 110,000.
- Canada will have the most advanced air-control system in the world when the latest thing in radar equipment—Airport and Airways Surveillance Radar sets—are installed in 15 airports across the country at a cost of \$4,200,000.
- Automobile production in Canada reached its highest car output in November. 8,200 cars were completed in the last week of the month, paralleling the previous week and marking the highest two-week output since July.
- Matthew Henry Halton, chief European correspondent for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and a former Toronto newspaperman, died on Dec. 3 in London at the age of 52. He was born in Pincher Creek, Alta., and was a graduate of the University of Alberta.
- The consumer price index rose to a record high of 120.3 in October, the second straight month a new high has been reached. The October figure represented a gain of 3.4 points compared with November 1955.
- The Canadian Colombo Plan has instituted an aerial survey project in Ceylon which involves a comprehensive survey of natural resources. It has already successfully photographed large parts of the country at small scales. The purpose is to determine what regions can be successfully developed for producing rice and other crops and what is the extent of the mineral resources. The Canadian Photographic Corporation of Toronto is undertaking the survey, and Canadian specialists in agriculture, forestry, engineering and geology are also employed.
- Canada has told the United States formally that it is overriding U.S. objection and is going ahead with preliminaries for an all-Canadian St. Lawrence Seaway route.
- The Budapest Opera Company is understood to be desirous to emigrate to Canada, and the Federal Government has been asked to give assistance in the carrying out of this project. It has been suggested that the company might establish itself in Montreal or Toronto and make tours throughout Canada.
- Immigration Minister Pickersgill stated on Dec. 5 that transportation had been arranged for 6,000 Hungarian refugees scheduled to leave for Canada by the end of the year.
- Canada's contribution to the Colombo plan this year will be \$34,400,000, an increase from last year's \$26,400,000. The plan originated at a conference of commonwealth foreign ministers at Colombo, Ceylon in 1950, and is intended to promote economic assistance to the underdeveloped nations of South and Southeast Asia. Canada's aid has gone to India, Pakistan and Ceylon.
- Major J. H. Bruce, an internationally known engineer, who died recently in Montreal, has left to McGill University a \$2,000,000 bequest to be used in studying ways of making the world's deserts fertile.



## The Big Thaw

*Anna Cienciala*

► WRITING ABOUT the bases of Soviet strength, an expert on Soviet affairs listed them as: industrial and military power, the international Communist movement and — Soviet control of Eastern Europe.\* This third base of Soviet power is not only a bastion projected into the heart of Europe, a jumping-off platform in the event of war; it is also one of the world's richest areas in mineral resources and manpower; finally, as we have seen by the revolution in Hungary and the changes in Poland, Eastern Europe also possesses a life of its own. This life has suddenly awakened and yet, contrary to appearances and general opinion, the upheavals of October, 1956, were not the beginning but the culmination of a long, though interrupted, development.

Soviet anxiety to maintain its absolute control over Eastern Europe — or at least, a relative control — stems not only from military but also from economic and political considerations. The Soviet Union does not want to lose Eastern Germany if this can possibly be avoided; the Soviets know that such a loss would result in the unification of Germany. Economically, East Germany and Czechoslovakia manufacture the precision instruments for the Soviet Union, the other East European countries and China; together with Poland, they constitute the greatest industrial power between Western Europe and the USSR. In mineral wealth, 90 percent of all the bituminous coal for Eastern Europe is located in Poland—the fifth biggest bituminous coal producer in the world (94,000,000 tons in 1955). There are uranium mines in East Germany, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. 24 per cent of the world's bauxite is located in Hungary. The population of Eastern Europe is around 90,000,000.

In evaluating the reasons why the Poles, and not any other East European nation, managed to win at least relative independence, the following factors may be noted: the Polish PZPR (C.P.) party had overcome its dissensions and faced the Soviet Union without a rift and with the whole country united behind Gomulka. In Hungary, however, the struggle between left and right factions deprived the country of vital leadership and resulted in an unorganized mass movement from below. The right faction, under Gero, called in the Soviet troops to save its position. Moreover, Hungary, unlike Poland, borders on the Free World, and its loss would therefore be more dangerous to the USSR. In Czechoslovakia, the material conditions are the best in the region while both here and in Rumania and Bulgaria, the Communist regimes were united against essential reforms.

A more fundamental question, however, concerns the causes underlying the Polish and Hungarian revolts. The bases of the explosion were the same; they were economic and intellectual, with Poland presenting the most perfect fusion of the two. It must be noted, however, that the revolts in Poland and Hungary were not isolated; similar movements of discontent, though weaker, had been evident in Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Bulgaria; they were crushed, however, because of their lack of organization and the unity of these regimes. East Germany reacted only after the Hungarian revolution.

The full grimness of the economic situation in Poland began to emerge during the 7th Plenum of the Central Committee of the PZPR held toward the end of July, 1956, after the Poznan riots had rung the alarm for the government.

\*Robert F. Byrnes, "Soviet Policy Towards Western Europe since Stalin," *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences*, Jan. 1956.

Oskar Lange, economist and member of the State Planning Commission, acknowledged that during the Six Year Plan (1949-1955), Poland had been industrialized "by methods of war-economy," i.e., by force. He admitted that the standard of living had not risen — assigning this failure to an uneven development of the national economy (*New York Times*, July 17, 1956). He actually spoke of "the disintegration of the Polish economy," accrediting this to bureaucratization, excessive centralization and imbalance. The new First Secretary of the Party, Edward Ochab (who had succeeded Bierut), was even more explicit; he admitted that wages had not only failed to increase, but had actually shrunk from 1953 onwards, affecting 75 per cent of the labor force. He even said that many workers were earning less after 1953 than they had earned in 1949. The government announced "emergency measures" up to 1957, to remove the workers' grievances. Wage and pension increases were announced and the Poznan riots were explained mainly on economic grounds.

These revelations, astonishing though they were after years of propaganda about "progress" and "happiness," were still relatively mild when compared with the speech of Gomulka on October 20, after he had been elected First Secretary to replace Ochab. Gomulka said that Poland was in the position of "an insolvent bankrupt." He revealed that the government had squandered large investment credits with no regard to value or returns, and that, consequently, Poland had to ask for a moratorium. The Secretary affirmed that the 20,000,000 ton increase in coal production between 1948-1955, was obtained solely by overtime work and that labor productivity had dropped by 36 per cent compared with 1938 figures. In agriculture, the private sector, though underprivileged in every respect, still produced more per hectare than the State and Collective farms with their government subsidies and priorities in agricultural machinery and fertilizers. Gomulka concluded that collective farming would have to be placed on a purely voluntary basis, while in industry workers' self-government was to be the main and immediate change. He also mentioned the reduction of bureaucracy and the application of the law of values in prices. Since in early June, a Congress of Economists in Warsaw had openly advocated a return to the theory of supply and demand (*Glos Pracy*, 9/10 June, 1956), it is not difficult to see what law of value Gomulka had in mind. In short, Gomulka indicted his predecessors for bringing the country to the verge of economic ruin. In agriculture and in mining, potentially the wealthiest sectors of Polish economy, productivity and earnings had fallen alarmingly because of management careless of the national interest. Moreover, the country was in debt.

While this was the picture in Poland, conditions in Hungary could be said to have been still worse. This country had been industrially more backward than Poland and was, after the war, ruthlessly exploited by the Russians in the name of "reparations" and "restitutions" as an ex-enemy country. Hungary was, moreover, very poor in coal and had very little iron-ore — yet the Communist regime, on Moscow's orders, set out to build a steel industry. On July 28, 1956, the new Premier Hegedus conceded that "too much had been tried with too little" (*New York Times*, July 29, 1956). He also admitted that the standard of living had fallen prior to 1953 (when Imre Nagy became premier) and that, while the national income had risen by 50 per cent between 1949-1955, wages had increased by only 6 per cent. These figures can point only to the terrible exploitation of the Hungarian workers and to low labor productivity.

With the economic situation in mind, one might ask, why did not the revolt occur in 1953? There was, in fact, such a movement in East Germany and Czechoslovakia in June

that year, but it lacked leadership. Although swiftly put down, these riots were followed by a so-called "New Course" with at least the promise of greater attention to consumer goods production. This trend was decided by events in Moscow — though these might equally have been motivated by the riots — where Beria was executed and the past terror identified with him by the new leader, Malenkov. Malenkov embarked on what seemed a policy to raise living standards in Russia by greater investment in consumer goods and in this he was most closely followed by Imre Nagy, who replaced Rakosi as Premier of Hungary. Nagy virtually stopped collectivization and slowed down industrialization. He fell, however, with Malenkov, in the spring of 1955, and Rakosi steered Hungary back to Stalinism.

There was, however, one very important development in the period of Nagy's rule. The Hungarian writers started to demand more literary freedom. After the return of Rakosi to power, they fought for this freedom and even attacked him in the November and December 1955 session of the Writers' Union. It is clear that with the accompaniment of Moscow's policy of wooing Tito and the attack on Stalin by Khrushchev, the writers were reinforced by the left wing of the Hungarian party. Rakosi was forced to resign on July 19, 1956. The movement snowballed with the enthusiastic support of the students. The students, fired by the stand of Gomulka in Poland, demanded complete freedom and independence for Hungary. Upon this, there were demonstrations, firing, and the right wing under Gero called in Soviet troops.

In Poland, a similar revolt of the intellectuals developed, and though it came later than in Hungary, it also penetrated deeper. As in Hungary Communist writers were in the vanguard of criticism. They voiced the protest of the workers against unbearable living conditions and put forward their own demands for creative freedom. It is illuminating to hear the voices of Polish, Hungarian and Bulgarian writers in order to understand the misery and protest of this era.

The third and fourth elements of the explosion and the ones which made it technically possible were: the Soviet wooing of Tito and Khrushchev's attack on Stalin at the 20th Congress of the CPSU. It was Stalin's break with Tito in 1948 which announced the worst period of repression and the most ruthless economic planning in Eastern Europe. All "national Communists" were arrested or executed. The economies of Eastern Europe were integrated to suit the needs of the Soviet Union. When the Soviet leaders decided to lure Tito away from the West, the Yugoslav leader's price was the rehabilitation of his sympathizers and the acceptance of his theory of "different roads to Socialism." Grudgingly, the Soviet leaders agreed. The releases and rehabilitations meant an increase of influence for the left wings of the parties in Poland and Hungary — elsewhere all the leaders had been killed — and a split in these groups. The condemnation of Stalin seemed to break open the floodgates of repression in Poland. Criticism of every aspect of the preceding regime was voiced openly in the press; the party, the government, policies, institutions, education, nothing was spared. Upon this wave, Gomulka returned to power, much aided by the workers' revolt in Poznan which he used to align the Polish party behind him. His program of restoring health to the Polish economy, though officially Communist, breaks away from Stalinist principles of forced industrialization and collectivization, and, based as it is on public opinion, must reckon with it in the future.

It may be said, in short, that the two movements, the protest against ruinous Communist economy and the revolt of the intellectuals against regimentation were liberated for action by the pressure of Tito and the Khrushchev attack on Stalin. The Polish and Hungarian revolts have demon-

strated, once and for all, the empty lie of Communism that it is a system aiming at the welfare of the working classes and the abolition of exploitation. They have shown more—they have revealed the weakness of the Communist economy and the possibility of an ultimate breaking away of Eastern Europe from the Soviet Union. The failure or success of this movement will depend on the economic aid and foreign policy of the U.S.A. and also on the lengths to which the Soviet Union may go in order to cling to its European colonies.

## Oil and Troubled Waters

*George Bennett*

► MY ONE BITTER MEMORY of my time in Canada is of a senior colleague at Toronto who was wont to tell his students—and others—that Britain was the world's most mature democracy. If I ever cherished such an innocent belief it has been rudely shattered in these last weeks. I have had to wake in the morning to find my children asking about newspaper pictures of destruction at Port Said and hear my wife saying: "We are ashamed to be British!" Refuge under the bed-clothes was no more effective than the hysteria which has clouded most of British thinking—on both sides—about the Middle East crisis. Living in Oxford I have been besieged by petitioners seeking signatures, yet, when I left the ivory tower with its bats in the belfry, I have found that the country has been largely unmoved. The Government held a majority of support which has grown until the present (Nov. 24), though perhaps the coming of petrol-rationing and other austuries may make the comfortable citizens have second thoughts.

The Suez crisis has touched every thread of British foreign policy, the American alliance, the Commonwealth, relations with the countries of Western Europe. It has revealed throughout a strange unawareness in Britain of twentieth-century realities. On the one side, the Conservative party, enthusiastically supported by a mass of opinion in the country, thought that it was possible to deal with Nasser as Egypt had been dealt with in 1882—in fact, they thought the position was "better," for French co-operation was more than assured. At least this crisis should finally demonstrate that Britain is no longer a power that can act in a nineteenth-century manner. Equally, on the other side, the Labour party and the dons have fled from reality to a United Nations which has, by its ineffectiveness in the Middle East since the Arab-Israel war of 1948-49, shown how powerless it is to act in the world's powder-keg, the traditional Armageddon. Moreover, the hysteria of the Labour politicians, the scenes in the House and the Sunday riot in Whitehall, did not impress the steady, or the uncommitted, voter, who was prepared to trust Eden as a man of peace and believed that shouting usually hides a bad case. In Oxford it has, at least, been significant that the Middle East specialists have publicly said nothing and, with one or two exceptions, pointedly abstained from signing petitions.

The roots of the Middle East crisis go, in fact, very deep, and touch, in particular, the foundations of the Anglo-American alliance. On the British side the tragedy had to be played out, like a Greek play, from the mutually impossible undertakings of the first World War. In the Palestine Mandate both Jew and Arab considered that they had pledges for the future. Under their mounting hostility the position became such that in the period of British post-war weakness and withdrawal the Mandate was thrown up and responsibilities wantonly disowned in a major scandal of British Imperial policy. Britain then suffered a blow to her prestige

in the Middle East from which she could never fully recover. The presence of Israel, acting as an irritant, serves as a constant reminder to the Arabs of British ineptitude. Yet British policy-makers have thought it possible to believe that the "traditional" friendship between Briton and Arab was unimpaired. From this has followed the strange balancing act between Israel and the Arab countries in which British Governments have indulged since 1948. The French, always a more logical people, cut their losses with the Arabs and supported Israel. Their action in the invasion of Egypt at least had the merit of realism from their point of view. Far deeper, and more bitter for the British, have been the actions of the third party in the Tripartite Declaration, the United States.

At least the Russians have understood that the Anglo-American alliance did not apply in the Middle East, where there has been only rivalry. Their realization of inherent Anglo-American conflict, proclaimed earlier, was the basis for the seemingly strange suggestion of Marshal Bulganin that the Russians and the Americans should together go in and clean up the area. This, again, might be realistic, for, at the withdrawal of the British and French pilots from the Suez Canal it was noticed that among the new pilots were 16 Russians and 17 Americans: "this," said a correspondent, "fairly well sums up the balance of Great Power influence in Egypt to-day."

It is widely believed that the United States has supported Israel. This may have been so in the 'forties but increasingly the pressure of oil interests on the State Department and a growing sympathy with Arab nationalism have changed this. The Americans have supported Egypt and Saudi Arabia. As a result there have been repeated clashes with Britain. Part of this—as Mr. Dulles's recent remarks have indicated—sprang from American anti-colonialism. Thus there was pressure to speed up Britain's withdrawal from the Sudan. In the outcome America's Egyptian friends behaved so foolishly that they gained nothing, though one day the historian will have to ask who was ultimately to blame for the disorders and loss of life in the Southern Sudan that arose largely from the haste of the British withdrawal. In Egypt, in the series of negotiations over the Suez Canal with Britain, the Egyptians were constantly supported by Americans who suggested that they should seek further concessions when an agreement was on the point of conclusion.

In Egypt, then, there has been struggle between America and Britain recalling the nineteenth-century one between Britain and France, for influence and control there. Also, in the Middle East, there has been a struggle, which continues, for oil in terms of economic imperialism. The first battle was over Persia, where the British interest was reduced from a dominating one to 40 percent in the consortium with the Americans. In Saudi Arabia the ambition of the ruler has been encouraged by Aramco. This flared into crisis over the Buraimi Oasis, in a conflict of claims with a British-controlled sheikhdom. The importance of the Beau Geste incidents was underlined by the *London Times*, which treated them to a central position on its main news page, somewhat to the surprise of those unconnected with the Middle East and oil. Now the pipe-lines of Britain's ally Iraq have been cut and Aramco has promised the Saudis not to supply Britain and France from Arabian sources. How far will Britain be forced out of Middle Eastern oil? The pipe-line battles recall, if in a more violent form, Canadian experience of dollar imperialism.

Against such a background it is possible to understand the failure to apply the Anglo-American alliance in a common policy in this area. The Americans encouraged the British, as part of the policy of containing the Russians, into forming the Baghdad Pact, which included Iraq, and then Mr.

Dulles carefully abstained from joining. Its result was to weaken Britain's position, in Jordan, forcing out Glubb Pasha, and in the rest of the Arab world. The Americans were left uncommitted in the faction-strife of the Arab states.

Before Suez, then, there was in London disillusion with and mistrust of the Americans. If, as Mr. Chou-en-lai, said, "Eden lost his temper," it is at least intelligible after the repeated prevarications of Mr. Dulles with regard to the Suez Canal. The correspondent who pinpointed the Suez pilot figures and their correlation with Great Power strength recalled for Britain the humiliation before the Americans over Abadan. Eden had particularly felt this as, from the days of his Persian studies as an undergraduate at Oxford, he has been closely connected with that country. He appears to have developed an obsession about "oil". In a broadcast about Cyprus he defended the Government's actions in that island as necessary for the defence of our oil interests. If this seemed doubtful there, the same argument was used over Suez, where the result of British action has been to cut the oil routes.

Only as petrol rationing starts, with a consequent slowing of the British economy, will the results be fully seen. It was a French paper that summed the matter up in a clear and logical way: "The purpose of British and French action was to consolidate the Canal and blow up Nasser. We have succeeded in consolidating Nasser and blowing up the Canal." Unfortunately the explosion has wider effects. As the dust settles perhaps a realization will emerge of Britain's position in twentieth century realities. British diplomacy will have a hard job to pick up the pieces, to escape, in particular from the position where, as the *Economist* has said: "Britain has lost what freedom of action it had and is physically dependent on American goodwill which it has lost," and which, in the Middle East, we might add, it has never had.

## Argentina After Peron

**Robert J. Alexander**

► TODAY, more than a year after the overthrow of General Juan Domingo Peron, Argentina remains fundamentally divided into those who support the ex-dictator and those to whom he is anathema. All of the events since the ousting of El Lider have not changed that situation. However, there is growing confusion in the Argentine political scene.

Before Peron came to power there were two national political parties in Argentina: the Radicals or Union Civica Radical, as they are properly known; and the Conservatives or Partido Democratico Nacional, to use their present name. In addition there were several other parties which had strength in particular provinces. These included the Socialist Party, which usually dominated the capital city of Buenos Aires; and the Progressive Democratic Party, which had strength in the province of Santa Fe, but virtually nowhere else.

During the Peron regime, the two-party system seemed to be even more strongly implanted. The Peronistas were the majority party throughout virtually the whole country, and the Opposition, in terms of votes, became almost completely centered in the Union Civica Radical.

However, since the fall of Peron, this situation has changed dramatically. It seems likely that Argentina for some time to come is going to be a multi-party nation. This situation has come about as the result of splits in existing parties, the conversion of some of the minority groups into national parties, and the appearance of new groups.

Both the Radical and Conservative parties are badly split. The UCR is divided into at least four major groups, and

several less-important factions. Each of these groups is bitterly opposed to the other, and there are three, and perhaps four parties all using the Unión Civica Radical label.

The most conservative element in the Radical ranks consists of the so-called Unionistas. They trace their origin from the followers of the country's second Radical president, Marco T. de Alvear, who was chief executive from 1922-1928. They dominated the party until the early 1950's, during which time they co-operated closely with other anti-Peronista parties—notably in the 1946 election when Radicals led the Unión Democrática Nacional ticket against Peron in his first bid for the presidency.

The Unionistas lost control of the Radical Party in 1953, and have been bitterly quarreling with the party's National Committee since that time. In several provinces in which the Unionists were dominant, the National Committee "intervened" and ousted elected Unionista party officials, with the result that in those provinces there are now two rival Provincial Committees of the party. At the present time, the only Unionista provincial administration of the party which is officially recognized by the National Committee as representing the party members is that of the Province of Mendoza.

All other factions of the Radical ranks trace their origin from the followers of the party's first leader and the country's first Radical president, Hipólito Irigoyen, who was chief executive from 1916 to 1922 and again from 1928 to 1930. They generally call themselves "Intransigentes," to indicate their refusal to compromise the original doctrines of their party, or its tradition of refusal to cooperate with any other political group.

However, within the Intransigente ranks there are serious splits. One group, known as Intransigencia Nacional, follow the lead of Amadeo Sabattini, one-time governor of the Province of Cordoba and grand old man of Radical politics. He is perhaps the last of the old-fashioned "caudillos" whose followers are much more concerned with their leader's personal attributes and "mística" than they are with matters of doctrine or principle.

Sabattini controls the Radical organization in the provinces of Cordoba and Santiago del Estero. They are represented in the National Committee of the party, and their control over state organizations is recognized by that committee. However, their relations with the faction which controls the party's national organization are frigid, and in fact, they have been more kindly disposed towards the Unionistas than towards the other Intransigentes since the fall of Peron.

The National Committee of the party is controlled by Dr. Arturo Frondizi, easily the most controversial man in present day Argentine politics—if, of course, one excludes Peron. He is passionately supported by those who like him, and equally passionately denounced by those who do not. He has been accused of being a dictator, a Peronista, a Communist—and all three at the same time.

This writer does not believe than any of these charges are true. Frondizi is certainly a strong Argentine nationalist, and sometimes goes to absurd extremes in this direction. He is also a very socially-conscious politician. He is probably the only man of first-rank among the anti-Peronistas who recognizes the real significance of the Peronista episode in Argentine history. He realizes that it set afoot a species of social revolution in the country which future governments will only try to halt at their own peril. He is undoubtedly the only politician in the anti-Peronista ranks who would be likely to draw much electoral support among the Peronista masses.

The ranks of Frondizi's Intransigencia y Renovación Nacional have recently been split with the resignation of Ricardo Balbin from the UCR's National Committee. Balbin was the party's presidential nominee in 1951 when Frondizi ran for vice president. They are both candidates for the

UCR's nomination for president in forthcoming national elections.

The resignation of Balbin was triggered by the National Committee's decision that the nomination of the party's candidate for the presidency would be made, as is the custom, by a national convention of the party. The Balbinistas wanted the nomination to be made by a national referendum of the party membership. This would necessitate a revision and updating of the party's somewhat vague membership lists, something which Frondizi and his closest associates are not enthusiastic about. A national referendum would probably result in a defeat of Frondizi, since Unionistas, Sabatinistas and Balbinistas would all oppose him.

However, a party national convention which met early in November in the provincial city of Tucuman named Frondizi as the official party candidate. He thus became the first official nominee for the presidency.

So far, the split between Frondizi and Balbin is not as serious as the other divisions in the party. However, if it continues and gets worse, it will constitute another serious schism in the Radical ranks, because Balbin has firm control over the party organization in the province of Buenos Aires.

It seems very unlikely that all Radical factions will be able to unite on a single candidate for the presidency. It also seems likely that in the constitutional convention elections which are to be held before the presidential poll, there will in most provinces be two and in some perhaps three different competing lists of Radical candidates.

The Conservatives are almost as seriously divided. There is a faction in their midst which has virtually become neo-Peronista, bending its efforts particularly to winning converts among the Peronistas. This is not as strange as it might seem, taking into consideration the fact that the Conservative Party has traditionally been the party of the large landowners. Many workers, particularly in the countryside, voted Conservative before they voted Peronista, and the Conservative politicians who are seeking support among them are reminding them of this fact. The other faction in the Conservative party is decidedly opposed to this flirting with the supporters of the ex-dictator.

The small Progressive Democratic Party has also virtually divided into two parties. One element in the PDP was more or less friendly to Peron when he was in power, while another group was violently anti-Peron. These two factions have been fighting bitterly since the fall of El Lider. In the meantime, the PDP is making a serious attempt to become a national party, instead of merely a group with influence in only one province.

The Socialists also have at least two currents of opinion in their ranks. One element feels that the party should return to its pre-Peron role of defender of the working class, and should become the spokesman for the largely disfranchised Peronista masses—without becoming Peronista, however. The other, and dominant, group feels that the most important problem is to keep the present administration in power until it can fulfill its promise to turn the government over to a democratically elected civilian government, and that therefore, the Socialists should not create any more problems for the Aramburu regime than necessary. However, the dominant group has shown an ability to bend to wishes of the party membership to a degree which the leadership of other parties have not demonstrated.

The Socialists bid fair to become a national party in a sense that they have never been before. Although they are likely to be less powerful in the city of Buenos Aires than they were before Peron, they have high hopes of becoming the second, if not the first, party in the new provinces of La Pampa and Chaco. They also have hopes of being a party of

first-rank importance in the Province of San Juan and San Luis.

The Communists are still split into two groups, one of which supported Peron during his administration, the other of which more or less opposed him. The second group is now by far the most important. It does not seek much publicity, but is given credit for working with exceeding diligence among the more bitter Peronistas.

Several new parties have appeared since the fall of Peron. Three of these are worthy of note. The first is the Partido Laborista, headed by Cipriano Reyes, who was an important early supporter of Peron, but broke with him in 1946. Reyes spent seven years in jail during the latter part of the Peron regime, and since his liberation last year has been active in trying to build up his Partido Laborista into a party of first-rank importance. He is unlikely to succeed in this, though he may make the party a permanent feature of the Argentine political scene.

The other two new parties are both Catholic. The first is the Partido Demócrata Cristiano, patterned after Christian Democratic parties of Europe. It has a wide-range of political thought in its ranks, but suffers from a certain lack of experienced leadership. It is too early to say whether the PDC will become a major party, but this would seem unlikely. The majority of the Argentines are certainly not favorable to the politicalization of religion, and those who are, are more likely to seek a home in the other Catholic party, the Unión Federal than in the PDC.

The Unión Federal is at the extreme Right of the spectrum of anti-Peronista parties. It is extremely ultramontane, its leaders were sympathizers of the Nazis, and still are friends of the Franco regime. They include extreme reactionary nationalists and those who would like to see an end to the secular State which has been traditional in Argentina. They are likely to be an important factor in the country's politics during the next few years.

They are strongly opposed to the Aramburu government—their main leader, Mario Amadeo, was Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Lonardi regime ousted by Aramburu. However, the Unión Federal is still anti-Peronista, as was shown by their rallying to the support of the government on June 9th, when Peronistas made an attempt to overthrow the regime.

The Peronistas, in the meanwhile, are not allowed by the present government to have any parties of their own. This seems to this writer to be a mistake on the part of the Aramburu administration. First, it will call into question the validity of any election in which the Peronistas are not allowed to participate. Second, the complete outlawing of Peronista political action keeps the followers of El Lider united in opposition to the present regime, and prevents the development of divergences among the Peronistas themselves.

There are certainly different and antagonistic groups among the Peronistas, which would come out into the open if they were allowed to function openly. There are at least three distinct Peronista groups, and perhaps more with which this writer is not acquainted.

First, there are the followers of Juan Bramuglia, who was Peron's first Minister of Foreign Affairs. A long-time labor lawyer, he played a key role in winning the labor movement over to Peron, and he still has considerable popular support among the Peronistas. However, there are other Peronistas who are violently opposed to Bramuglia, looking upon him as a traitor as a result of his break with Peron in 1949.

Second, there is a group of ex-Socialists who organized a pro-Peronista Partido Socialista de la Revolución in 1953. They functioned for a few months after the overthrow of Peron, and gathered around themselves a sizable group of Peronista workers. They would be strongly against Bramu-

glia, and not too sympathetic to the idea of the return of Peron himself if they were allowed to function legally.

Finally, there is a group of second-rank Peronista trade union leaders, who maintain in existence a clandestine C.G.T. (General Confederation of Labor), as a Peronista general staff in the labor movement. If permitted to do so, they would undoubtedly form a new Labor Party, which would seek to defend the social conquests they feel the workers won under Peron, but at the same time not being sympathetic to either the apostate Socialists or Bramuglia. They would not be anxious, either, to see Peron return to Argentina.

Whether or not the Peronistas are permitted to participate openly in the elections scheduled for next year, there will undoubtedly be a great variety of parties among which the voters may choose. This is assured by the government's recent announcement that elections for the constitutional assembly which are to be held before those for president and a regular congress, are to be conducted under a system of proportional representation.

The proportional representation system has been vigorously supported by the Socialists, and less strongly so by the Christian Democrats, Progressive Democrats and other smaller parties. But it has been strongly opposed by the Radicals and the Unión Federal, which seem to feel that under the system used previous to Peron they would become the two major parties.

The fractionalization of parties will make difficult the functioning of the traditional Argentine system of presidential government. However, in a country in which the armed forces play such a key role in politics, it is hard to conceive of any other kind of constitutional system. This problem will undoubtedly be one of the principal questions for discussion by the coming constitutional convention.

Of course, the whole future of Argentine politics depends on whether the present regime is able to keep in power until it can carry out its objective of turning the government over to a democratically-elected civilian regime. The attainment of this objective is not aided by the rather chaotic party situation which now exists in Argentina.

## London Diary

► WHAT A MONTH it has been for shows! I do not mean just the outdoor decorations that help to make the commercialization of Christmas palatable. When world communications depended on steam, and airmail was unheard of, it would have been felt improper to begin Christmas preparations before All-Hallows was out of the way. Now that a letter can reach the antipodes in two days, shop windows are dressed with frost-and-holly greeting cards in the torrid sunshine of early September. By the time the leaves have fallen from the trees that do shed their leaves, the simulated evergreens on quite a lot of shop fronts have acquired a stale look of familiarity.

A shining exception is the unified display put on jointly as usual by the whole of Regent Street. Its theme is neither so ethereal as last year's flurry of scintillating snow-crystals all down the street nor so costly. But its vista of oriental-colored lanterns like gigantic spinning tops, installed just in time for Advent, brings the right touch of gay symbolism in the shrinking half-light of December days.

But every city has its Christmas spectacle and the shows I have in mind are more special to London—the Queen opening the new session of Parliament, the Lord Mayor's Show, the sailing of the Magga Dan for the Antarctic, the triumphant four-week season of the Madeleine Renaud/Jean-Louis Barrault Company now, as I write, coming to an end.

The most controversial of their five offerings, Claudel's *Christophe Colomb*, has started a spate of discussion on the philosophy of the theatre that spurts up at dinner tables wherever I have been from central London to the outer suburbs. The master producer Jean-Louis Barrault himself is speaking on Friday at the Institute of Contemporary Arts on "Paul Claudel and Total Theatre." And it is a piquant thought that his talk on the arch-Catholic backward-looking Claudel coincides with the last day of the I.C.A.'s 75th-birthday exhibition dedicated to Picasso.

*Christophe Colomb* is clearly very near the producer's heart and it must be heartening and stimulating to get people talking about the theatre as he has done. The only comparable argument is the one here about Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*—but it is not really comparable. Arthur Miller conjures drama from the American immigration laws and the behavior patterns of Brooklyn's waterfront population; and he is rightly concerned to remind New Yorkers in the ten-dollar seats of what their prosperity is founded on. In its proper setting his crusade is good theatre. But to a London audience it is an unhappy, far-off thing and no sufficient excuse for an evening of unrelieved depression, first-class acting notwithstanding. It plays to crowded houses I believe largely because the Lord Chamberlain would not license the play for public performance and so it is staged by a well established theatre club which has had a sudden influx of members as a result.

To say that few of these new adherents care deeply for the theatre as such would no doubt be libellous. To guess that many of them want first and foremost to see what the "public" is not allowed to, is only natural. (As far as I could judge, nothing in the spoken parts but only the action in which one actor kisses another male actor on stage, places the play outside the category of what might be expected to receive a licence.) Still, there is renewed discussion on the whole licensing system, on the function of the drama, and on freedom of expression generally, which is all to the good in these times of mass hypnotism and conformity.

To return to the visiting French company—and how gladly I endorse their claim to be France's greatest drama company!—by a stroke of luck I was able to go to the first night and join in the rapturous reception given to *Le Chien du Jardinier* and *Poèmes et Pantomimes*. If genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, Barrault's production that evening was genius unimpaired. Consider the problems of placing, on an alien stage, sets designed with the costumes and the lighting as essential parts of the rapidly-evolving action. Consider the ordeal of opening before a packed foreign audience at the extraordinary hour of seven-thirty—Paris goes to the theatre at nine o'clock so that neither players nor spectators need forego their dinner. Yet with each step, each wink of an eye and each whisk of a flounce calculated to a centimetre, this astounding cast made every gesture witty and Lope de Vega's comedy adapted by Georges Neveux, a hilarious sequence of spontaneous fun.

Barrault was splendid as Theodore the secretary in this period piece of a dog-in-the-manger countess who won't let him marry anyone else and can't make up her mind to marry him herself. The scenery by Jean-Denis Malcles was superb and its movement on a dimmed stage—no curtain was used—was allotted to valets in period costume, just visible as they removed the sparse furniture to produce a street scene or lifted out bodily two walls of the countess's apartment. Then as the lights came up we saw the boudoir with the interior of the doorway through which she had made her previous exit—faultless staging.

Was it catty of me to think Madeleine Renaud well cast as the countess? At all events, I found her tedious in hogging so much of *Poèmes et Pantomimes* afterwards. For



this daring experiment, the curtain rises on black drapes broken only by modern tapestry panels, with the whole cast seated as though for a photograph and wearing present-day evening clothes. The one word for this conception is *stylish*. Most stylish of all, Simone Valère (the pert young rival of *Le Chien du Jardinier*) shone in oyster-white satin, the absolute composure of her hands and head and lovely shoulders holding me, for one, utterly spellbound as each member of the company rose to recite, yes, recite a poem by Lafontaine or Rimbaud or Péguy.

However, though the company includes a dozen personable men and several attractive women with beautiful diction to speak the poetry of France, there was only one pantomime. Of course. There is only one Jean-Louis Barrault. I do not imagine that any other serious actor now living would even attempt, let alone carry through, his perfect pantomime of a circus horse being led and coaxed and ridden at a trot, breaking into a gallop on the cue from the piano, rearing, prancing, waltzing an equine ballet, and finally pawing the sawdust and taking his thunderous applause.

To the great majority of the audience who had until then only seen him in films, and in spite of his exquisite miming in *Les Enfants du Paradis*, these two roles played by Barrault in the flesh must have been a revelation. I had already been fortunate in seeing him several times at the Théâtre Marigny directed by Mme. Volterra. The ending of this association deprives Paris for the moment of one of its greatest attractions. The Parisians' loss is London's gain.

STELLA HARRISON, December, 1956.

## Where is Nenni Going?

Vincent Tortora

► LONG THREATENING to stifle the five-month old movement for re-unification of the extreme Leftists, Italian Socialist Party (P.S.I.) of Pietro Nenni with the Democratic Socialist Party (P.S.D.I.) of Giuseppe Saragat has been the imagined and real unwillingness of Signor Nenni to break definitely and completely with his Communist allies. Signor Saragat and elements further to the Right have found various and frequently well-founded bases for distrusting the motives of the PSI leader. The "unholy alliance," as it is termed by the opposition, which had bound together the Nenni Socialists and the Communists since the war seemed much too monolithic to be abrogated overnight. As long as there continued to be contacts and discussions between the Communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti, and Nenni or between secondary leaders of the two parties, the motives of Signor Nenni in calling Saragat to his villa in France to discuss Socialist re-unification were distrusted.

The major basis for Saragat's distrust was his privately expressed suspicion that, far from renouncing the Communists, Nenni was using the influence and respect which talk of re-unification brought him among the Democratic Socialists to win himself a position of greater authority in the Left alliance.

The Christian Democrats, who control the governing Italian centre of which PSDI is a part, suspect that Nenni was anticipating an indeterminate period of decline in Communist fortunes and prestige throughout Italy and the world and was attempting to weaken or split the Center parties so they would not be in a position to gain advantage from it. In fact, at the Christian Democrat Party Congress held in Trento last October, many cautioning exhortations were pronounced concerning the motives of Nenni.

The Right parties, who remain outside the government though they command a respectable portion of electoral support, suspect that Nenni is attempting to pull the entire

Italian government to the Left so that one day he might be included in a governing coalition.

It is obvious that Signor Nenni will have to make a distinct and unmistakable gesture of renunciation against the Communists and of good faith toward the Social Democrats before he and his party become acceptable to Italian anti-Communists. In the meantime, the Social Democrats remain cautious; the Christian Democrats, skeptical; and the Rightists, scornful.

But, perhaps an objective analysis of Nenni's position might serve to allay some of the reserve.

A little over a decade ago all the Italian Socialists were a homogeneous group, in full collaboration with the Communists as well as with the Christian Democrats. A coalition of the three parties, formed after the elections of 1946, was charged with the responsibility of the immediate post-war government. The Communist-Socialist segment of the governing coalition, moreover, was held together by a Unity of Action Pact which was a patent device to prove to the working class that though two Leftist parties claimed to represent it, there was no semblance of a split. Then, as well as in succeeding years, the Socialists seemed motivated by the prospects of Maximalist Socialism in their coalescence of view with the Communists.

Though the Socialist Party in the 1946 elections gained 400,000 more votes than the Communists, it remained subservient to them. The Communists were successful in forcing Socialist policy and programs into strict conformity with their own by virtue of the exercise of strong initiative under the Unity of Action Pact and the good offices of dozens of pro-Communists who made up the Socialist directorate.

As was to be expected, there was much disparity of opinion among the Socialists on the unwavering and even slavish parallel their course seemed to be taking with the Com-

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munists. In 1947, as soon as the Communist-Socialist Bloc was ousted from the governing coalition, liaison between the two Leftist parties began to increase, if, indeed, that were possible.

In January of 1947, Giuseppe Saragat, as spokesman for a large group of Socialists, strongly objected to the inroads the Communists had made into their party and to the virtual obliteration of the Socialist program in Italy. His answer was the formation of a new Socialist Party (Italian Socialist Worker's Party—P.S.L.I.). Saragat took with him a goodly portion of the Socialist deputies in the Italian Assembly. Since the secession, both Socialist parties have stood worlds apart.

Nenni continued along with the Communists in an alliance that was surprising for a politically turbulent Latin country in that it produced very few disputes or disaffections. As a consequence, the Communists were taken quite aback by the first meetings between Nenni and Saragat last August and were driven into a type of disorganized disarray which appeared genuine to observers. Quite understandably, they were extremely troubled by the turn of events that threatened to isolate them on the extreme Left. They had long enjoyed the aura of respectability the fellow-travelling Socialists gave them. Even more, they had come to rely on the 3,500,000 popular votes and 75 Parliament seats which Nenni contributed to their cause. Without the P.S.I., the monolithic mammoth of the Left which had impressed and attracted thousands of Italian voters was reduced almost to laughable proportions.

Nenni may be said to have had exceedingly poignant reasons for wanting to break with the Communists. In fact, when the talks between Nenni and Saragat began last August, most observers thought Nenni had reached the end of his rope of collaboration with the Communists and was genuinely seeking a way out.

For one, he had been shocked by the vilification of Stalin, whom he idolized, by Khruschev in his "secret" report at the XXth Congress of the C.P.S.U. Equally important, moreover, was the poor showing the Communists had made in the May, 1956, local elections throughout Italy. In 14 regions they lost votes. Only in two regions did they manage to hold their own or to move ahead by minute margins. Pietro Nenni is too shrewd a politician not to realize that the Communist band-wagon was shimmying and bucking much more than it ever had since 1945, when he first jumped on.

Conversely, the fortunes of the moderate Left seemed to be going much better. In the May elections, Nenni's party made strong gains. Quite surprisingly, also, Saragat's party, which had sunk to abysmal lows in the 1953 elections, spurted sharply upward. An Italian Gallup Poll would have noted a distinct rise in public sentiment favoring moderate Leftism.

The Russian decision to support Nasser in his stand against Britain and France further enraged Nenni, who loves France. This served to galvanize him into the action which resulted in the momentous meeting with Saragat.

The decision of Nenni to meet with Saragat and discuss rapprochement between the Socialist parties did not come totally as a bolt from the blue. Those who followed his writings and pronouncements were aware of at least four major modifications in his views during the past few years. With each modification, his enthusiasm for the Left alliance seemed to wane the more.

For example, in a number of speeches and articles, Nenni has expressed himself in opposition to the Marxian concept of "dictatorship of the Proletariat." His most recent reference came in an article attacking the Khruschev Report in which he said: ". . . the conception of a 'dictatorship of the Proletariat' must be reconsidered and re-assessed in relation to a society where the influence and weight of the Proletariat

and the workers in general have become the determining factors in public life and where the State reflects in the democratically and socially more advanced countries, a relationship between the classes which is in continuous evolution."

This is a point about which he feels strongly and, according to P.S.I. secretary Matteotti, about which he has argued heatedly and repeatedly with the Communists.

Since the 1953 elections and more concientedly since it was defined concretely at the P.S.I. Congress in Turin in 1955, the issue of an "opening to the Left" has been espoused by Nenni and his party. Nenni defines this concept as, ". . . offering the Christian Democrats the support of the Socialists in Parliament to carry out a series of social reforms . . . We have never expected that an agreement made with us should be automatically extended to the Communists."

Nenni's view on the "opening" has seriously commoved members of the Christian Democrat as well the Communist parties. Hitherto conservative elements of the C.D. like Gonella and Pella have shifted perceptibly closer to Nenni. Communist leaders in many areas have bent over backwards to enunciate a "no objection" or even a "me too" when certain P.S.I. programs closely paralleled those of the C.D. Party. Notable examples have been in trade union disputes.

In cities like Milan, Leghorn and Avellino, there has also been cooperation with PSDI. When no one party or bloc had the majority of votes necessary to form the city council, the Nenni Socialists and Communists, under the former's initiative, threw their support to, and, thereby elected, Saragat Socialists.

Speaking of the cooperation between the two Socialist parties on the local level, Nenni says: ". . . we've learned that before putting the emphasis on organic re-unification, the problem of a series of communal political struggles must be faced and resolved . . ."

Even the Atlantic Pact, which Nenni had denounced since its founding as a "tool of Western militarism," has worked its way into his relatively good graces in the past year or two. Consequently, cries of "right deviationism" and "obscurantism" have been hurled against him by Communists and extreme leftist members of his own party. The best summation of his revised views on the Atlantic Pact appeared recently in *France Observateur*. He was quoted as saying: "We shall remain neutralists; but our position with regard to the Atlantic Pact has undergone an evolution, much as the Pact itself has . . . Conditions of 1956 are certainly not those of 1949."

Academically speaking, Nenni has become much more firmly oriented toward the Social Democrats than toward the Communists. His delays and vacillations, which have incited distrust in all the non-Communist elements on the Italian political spectrum, actually appear to derive from his desire to encourage the Communists into a break with Moscow. He is reported to have commented to an aide upon reading Sig. Togliatti's article late in October in the Communist newspaper *L'Unità*, calling for the formulation of a native Italian Communist policy and program independent from Moscow, "Comrade Togliatti, as I, seems to have learned that Moscow itself has betrayed the working class. However, it did not take the example of Hungary to convince me." A large part of the soul-searching the Communists have been doing in the past few months seems to have been motivated by their unabashed eagerness to hold onto Nenni, whose popularity has proved unwaning. Additional respectability they have sought to obtain through the good offices of Tito. That the Italian Communists have reached their most crucial juncture since the war is indisputable. Their decline has been ignominiously sharp. They desperately seek the stabilizing effect of a solid ally. Moscow, certainly, is out of the question. The only other possibilities are Tito and Nenni.

Of the two, only Tito has the position and disposition to fill the need. Nenni, further exacerbated by Russian activities and policies, shows unmistakable signs of having had his fill of Communism. Even his position toward Tito has remained almost irreconcilably hostile since 1948 when the Yugoslav leader defied Stalin. He would feel precious little in common with an Italian Communist Party that played footsie with Tito.

Moreover, Nenni is presently gaining enormously through his fundamental detachment from the Communists by virtue of the thousands of discontented members of the Communist rank and file who are swelling the ranks of his own party.

Under present conditions, re-unification of the Italian Socialists seems likely within the year.

## A Choir of Daffodils

*R. R. Jeffels*

► A TIME OF SCALDING SUNS had come to the prairies and the life had all but gone from the land. The wind—insatiable, greedy—blew steadily from the southeast in hot, parching gusts, teasing at the soil and drifting it across the horizon in an endless wall of gray. Where it met the corpses of farms and villages, it came with slow fingers to put a winding sheet around them. Only along the fringes of the creeks, now reduced to thin veins of tawny water, was there any sign of greenness. But here too the green would give way to yellow and the yellow to black: it was only a question of time.

Throughout the great bowl which ends to the west in the barrier of the mountains and to the east in the rocky shores of the lakes, the farmers viewed their stunted crops and watched with anxious eyes as the cattle wandered morosely in the fields. Their women drew the blinds tight against the slanting suns or went to bring buckets of water which they threw against the sides of the house in an effort to cool the interior. And in a hundred towns the men gathered in timid, uneasy knots to discuss the situation.

The goddam government ought to have done something to help out. It wasn't right for Ottawa to . . .

Worst drought anybody could remember in twenty years of farming.

What chance did a man have with the price grain was last year, and eggs selling at two-bits a dozen, and nobody wanting to buy livestock, and now the drought. For God's sake, they all ought to get the hell out of there and head for the city. At least a man could get on relief or something. The kids hadn't eaten proper in months now.

They spoke in undertones of rains and harvests, of feed for the cattle, of bills and payments to be met. They cursed and spat and sent the dust scudding with their boots. The dust powdered into the air making it red. And as common fear reduced them all to silence, they moved off one by one and headed for home in their decrepit cars and wagons.

Over the railroad track where the boy walked the heat lay in thick shimmering layers. He walked without aim or purpose through a day which seemed like all other days. With every step the cinders made sharp patterns of pain on the soles of his feet, and now and then he stopped to brush away the soreness and rub the blood back into them. Rivulets of sweat ran down his chin to mix with the dust that had collected there. His dream was of ice in great smoking blocks which he could rub against his chest and face, which he could chip and swallow and so ease away the dryness in his throat.

From nowhere a flight of snoring bluebottles came down on him, churning the air with transparent wings and bringing

the boy to the point of collapse. He fought against them with both arms, pushing their shiny bodies aside, covering his unprotected head with his hands. At last he ran to hide himself in the dry grass up against a pile of rotting ties at the side of the tracks. He lay for a long time looking fixedly at the full sweep of the prairies, until the ground began to wave and undulate before his eyes like the pleats of an accordion slowly drawn in and out. It was then that he thought of Mr. Steele and made his way with faltering steps in the direction of the little frame house.

Sweet and cool, it lay snuggled behind its screen of poplar and birch. Here the grass had the smell of life, and here the flowers were still bright and proud-headed. The old man had managed to ward off the effects of the sun with buckets of water which he carried laboriously one by one from the well behind his house.

The boy tapped timidly at the door and waited with his anxiety until he heard the big boots come marching down the hall. When the door opened, he asked to be admitted.

"What do you want, boy? Don't you know I'm busy about the chores this time of day? You got nothing to do as usual, I expect. Well, don't stand there trying to work on me. Come in, come in."

And in he went. He crossed the clean floors and the neat rag rugs like a pilgrim treading a holy place. Shy and uncertain he crept into the parlour and sank into the big leather chair which stood near the dead fireplace. There he sat with downcast eyes. But after a few minutes, once the coolness of the room had eased away the sickness of the heat outside, his courage returned, and he let his eyes wander over the familiar treasures: the polished rifle in its bracket over the fireplace; the worn family Bible with its bronze clasps and heavy leather binding; the copper kettle, burnished until it gleamed like gold; the bowfront chest with its rows of puffy-cheeked drawers; the brown and fawn prints showing scenes from the life of Christ. He knew them all and loved them well. At last the room worked its cure and he knew that he was safe again.

He lifted his eyes to the old man who stood watching him from the doorway. "Thanks, Mr. Steele, the sun made me awful hot and sick."

The other lifted a hand and brushed away the boy's words.

"All right, Eric, all right." The voice was broken and cracked but it carried a note of gentleness.

As far back as fragile memory could take him, Eric could never remember life without the old man. For six of his twelve years no other human being in the town, not even the minister, had shown him any more affection than what was dictated by ordinary social convention. It was Mr. Steele who befriended him once the others realized exactly what was ailing the boy, and there was an immense security in this relic of a man—this man with the acid of the years in his bones and the poison of defeat in his blood.

The others pointed the boy out on the street, shook their heads gravely, and said in their charity: "Poor kid, he just ain't all there. Too bad, but his Ma ain't no mental giant either, if you follow me." Some laughed and made circles in the air with their fingers and then tapped their heads significantly, or they imitated his awkward step and sad face. No one meant any real harm, but their laughter and mimicry left marks on his memory.

They said that he was feeble-minded, that he would never learn anything—not even the simplest things. You'd hardly even trust him to clean a barn or bring in the cows, he was that weak in the head. He never washed clean or fed regularly and you could see him prowling the streets any time of the day or night. Why, if it weren't for the fact that he could talk in a sort of a way, he was no better than an animal.

***Seasonal***

The old girl draws a line upon the board  
And then another—so.  
The children creak, knees in a tension  
Like their finger-joints;  
And long to go  
Leaping the aisles of surreptitious eyes  
Into a gallop where the windows grow  
A long green land of love.  
Winter was not so.  
The geometric lines—  
White chalk on black—  
Seemed relevant as snow  
Outlining a bare tree.  
She held them, with the chalk,  
In her stiff hand  
And wound them with a wand  
Into a maze of symbol  
Drift of sound.  
But now a greenness sifts the heady air:  
Colour invades the perpendicular.  
Must they be clamped within a narrow room  
Where gimlet chalk bores down on wintry words?  
Eyes leap, the branch bursts into bloom—  
The thin line billows green upon the board.

*Dorothy Livesay.*

***To a Younger Poet***

You may not know it, but I am doing you an honour  
Reading your poems. My time is precious and I  
Keep morning minutes hidden in my drawer  
For safety-sake; count minutes like an announcer  
Strung to the clock of his navel.

You may not like to be reminded  
That I am a V.I.P.—at least in this household.  
Cleaning sinks and bathtubs is my specialty,  
Vaccuuming rugs my pastime.  
In between the everyday bread of doing  
Your meat is sandwiched, your ruddy verse.  
Please be properly pleased.

(What I do not tell him is that I  
Eavesdrop, I search for secrets.  
In the bald bare verbs and the pile of nouns  
Of his shelf, I ferret for hidden gold.  
What I do not tell him is that I lose count  
Of his knives and forks, looking for  
Silver spoons. And in the old trunk left in the hallway,  
The tumble of his worn-out clothes,  
I seek the photo of himself, the features  
Of his boy look, the scar where the hand hit.  
For in the midst of his words and his myriad phrases  
The pain still pulses;  
The refusal to dare  
Gnaws and corrodes.)

*Dorothy Livesay.*

***The Immortals***

Those left behind, who grieve  
Hang on the living tree like fruit  
Unripe for gathering;  
Those grieving seem to us  
Thieves of the sap, the root.

On earth, all elements  
Consistently move out  
From darkness into light  
From smallness into wholes  
And fall away, and fade  
Into autumnal blight.

We only, do not grow;  
Our centre holds, is still  
And folds us multifoliate  
Timelessly re-born;  
And in this self-completed pause  
We neither moan nor mourn.

*Dorothy Livesay*

***The Glistening Stream***

By curving banks of noon  
Young rainbows lie,  
Where sunlight fills the hole  
In fish's eye

Rain shifts the clouds, reflexions  
Stir with new air,  
A snake of gold slides over  
The salmon's lair

And slowly ripples widen,  
Made and unmade,  
With words that follow silence  
Floating to shade.

Poised by the source of waters,  
Exile from act and dream,  
What silent fisher eyes  
The glistening stream?

*G. V. Downes*

***Miranda's Mirror***

O lonely must her mirror be,  
poor blinded thing, at night when she  
quietly sleeps and cannot see

the images her mirror weaves —  
the mirror, that she still bereaves  
of image, even when she leaves.

And yet that mirror I would be  
so that by candle-light I'd see  
beauty the noon-day hides from me.

*George Walton.*

### Aunt Cassie

My Aunt Cassandra promised she'd become a ghost before  
She died, an insouciant, gay,  
An altogether unconventional type of ghost, and rather more  
Insistent of her rights, she'd say.

She would, that is, if the little demons inside my head  
Didn't stop conspiring and giving her a dagger glance  
Whenever she burnt the toast or forgot to make her bed.  
And really, she didn't think there was any chance

Of that, she said primly, with an alcoholic sound.  
But the other day a truck ran over a woman,  
Unexpectedly myself, and things are turned around.  
And it is I who am haunted by a human.

*Alfred W. Purdy*

### Faculty Party

How easily life can shrink  
to a gasp  
between the office and the easy-chair,  
at most  
a matter of oral adventure  
with cocktails, cigarettes  
and verbal chatter.

How difficult to know  
or feel:  
to wield the intelligence like a sun  
above a tangled sea,  
or drag the wriggling mermaid, wet  
upon the broadloom rug  
before astonished guests.

What a rage must lie in these hearts  
as the dark  
hounds of the reason and the sense  
hunger  
to be loosed upon their proper meat;  
for life  
come to a tide.

What if, a great wave engulfing the room,  
this girl's hair  
should like a Venus's-flower-basket  
grow long, and I  
upon the impulse of the wave grow black  
and drive, a shark  
length, into her womb?

Or with sudden clarity the shrunken man  
in tweeds  
outlined a theory which encompassed life?  
Neither  
is quite real, and would not suit  
the economy of  
this living room.

Rather I should take this woman's hand  
and at the window  
looking at the winter sky, should speak  
of Klee; rather  
some gentleman should draw aside, explain  
in careful terms  
an eigen-function.

But we are shipwrecked on a narrow strand  
between sea and sea:  
beyond, such flowers and fishes foam  
as we shall never smell nor see;  
beyond, such abstract constellations whirl  
as we may never  
comprehend.

*D. G. Jones.*

### The Artist as Rebel

Measures of mortal grace too often fail  
In those for whom a mystery is traced,  
With whom gay goddesses prevail,  
And groves of ancient laughter leave unchaste.  
Their promptings deeply probe the flesh  
With springs untempered by restraint;  
Over their limbs old rituals enmesh  
The sorrows of the sinner and the saint.  
What is the measure of such men unless  
They soar beyond the scrubbily correct,  
And have no other conscience to confess  
Than that with which their reckless hearts are decked?  
So measured, they have nothing to explain,  
Or any deadly rectitude to gain.

*Vernal House.*



***Seasonal***

The old girl draws a line upon the board  
 And then another—so.  
 The children creak, knees in a tension  
 Like their finger-joints;  
 And long to go  
 Leaping the aisles of surreptitious eyes  
 Into a gallop where the windows grow  
 A long green land of love.  
 Winter was not so.  
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to be loosed upon their proper meat;  
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the economy of  
this living room.

Rather I should take this woman's hand  
and at the window  
looking at the winter sky, should speak  
of Klee; rather  
some gentleman should draw aside, explain  
in careful terms  
an eigen-function.

But we are shipwrecked on a narrow strand  
between sea and sea:  
beyond, such flowers and fishes foam  
as we shall never smell nor see;  
beyond, such abstract constellations whirl  
as we may never  
comprehend.

*D. G. Jones.*

**The Artist as Rebel**

Measures of mortal grace too often fail  
In those for whom a mystery is traced,  
With whom gay goddesses prevail,  
And groves of ancient laughter leave unchaste.  
Their promptings deeply probe the flesh  
With springs untempered by restraint;  
Over their limbs old rituals enmesh  
The sorrows of the sinner and the saint.  
What is the measure of such men unless  
They soar beyond the scrubby correct,  
And have no other conscience to confess  
Than that with which their reckless hearts are decked?  
So measured, they have nothing to explain,  
Or any deadly rectitude to gain.

*Vernal House.*



No better. Damn it all, they ought to do something about it. They oughtn't to let kids like that run around loose, anyway. Why didn't they put him in an asylum or something? Besides, it was sort of embarrassing to keep meeting him on the street, especially with your own kids along. You never knew what to say or do, in case he suddenly had a fit and started acting queer. His old lady ought to be made to look after him better . . .

And so many things had been denied him: the smell of fresh varnish in a September schoolroom, the pride that comes with learning, the beatitude of prayers at a woman's knee, the exhilaration of just growing up.

They said he had no memory, but some things he remembered; the back-shop of his mind held its own slim store . . . Misty recollections of a day long ago when the doctor washed his fine white hands in the porcelain bowl, looked over his shoulder, and clicked his tongue . . . Red, rolling anger at the jibes of playmates . . . Patchy moments of happiness with the wind and the wrinkled frogs down beside the slough . . . Sheaves of wheat on October fields, standing in ordered ranks like golden crosses in a military cemetery . . . The bite of a north wind gusting down from the mountains, snow-laden, the week before Christmas . . . The smell of hot buttered corn and the cloying taste of new bread . . . And yet they said he knew nothing.

As the years slipped one into the other, Eric came to realize that of all the people in his world only Mr. Steele could be trusted and depended upon. They had met in the first place at the local Sunday School, where the old man was teacher, handyman, fire-maker, and gardener. Misery drew them together and held them fast; for life, longer and slower, had treated the old man harshly too, twisting his soul and body into a hard dry root. A life of asceticism, marriage to a sexless woman long since dead, and the ceaseless war against time had turned him into a quarrelsome critic of his fellows.

Like Eric, he too had watched the passing years with despair. He was a man of another age and the changing face of the community in which he lived only served to intensify convictions he already held. As one of the oldest inhabitants of the town, he could look back on happier, fuller days when life moved in measured circles around the home and the church.

"Nobody wants to work these days, Eric," he would say over and over again. "People want ease and luxury, but they aren't prepared to work for it. Why, forty years ago a man stood ten or twelve hours a day in the harvest field for his fifteen dollars a month and keep, or broke his back feeding wet logs into a sawmill. You worked hard in those days, or you went without, I'm telling you!"

Now work had lost its dignity. Time had served only to strengthen his belief that man is by nature a fallen creature, full of shame and evil, motivated solely by reasons of greed and self-love. As the old man's friends died and were put away in the dark cemetery on the hill, lesser men took their places, but they misunderstood him. They mocked him as the local self-appointed prophet of the world's approaching end. He was a character with not too sound a mind, a relic of the good old days, and an out-dated fool in the world of the twenties.

Secretly Mr. Steele enjoyed their derision. On a Saturday afternoon, when the town was full of shoppers and drinkers, he took up his post outside the general store, and from there, in his quaint voice, he hailed the passerby. He made apocalyptic forecasts, distributed tracts which he had sent from a Bible house in Edmonton, and generally played the role of martyr. He was proud to be a still small voice of wisdom calling the lost one back to the days of dignified labor and devotion to God.

"What you been doing today, Eric? Down by the tracks again, I'll bet. I told you time and time again to stay away from that roundhouse. One of these days you're going to get yourself killed. You hear me?"

"Honest, Mr. Steele, I just went to look at the trains and the men." The boy knew what was expected of him when the old man feigned anger. "People down there are always going some place. I seen the train for Edmonton go through. You ever been there, Mr. Steele?"

"Sure, I been to Edmonton. And Vancouver and Montreal and Halifax. I've seen this country from end to end, starting out when I wasn't much older than you are now. Nothing much in Edmonton. Streets are a little wider and the buildings a little bigger, but there's nothing that anybody would want that he can't get right here. You're getting just like the rest of them, Eric. Always wanting something you haven't got. Never content. God put you down here. If He'd wanted you to live somewhere else, He'd have set you down there, I guess. Why can't you be content with what you got—like me?"

The boy's tongue was thick and unmanageable in his mouth. It passed and passed again over the heavy lips. Each word was a battle in itself and each sentence a victory.

"I wouldn't want to leave here, honest, Mr. Steele. That means I'd have to leave you. I don't want to do that. But I got nothing to do—nothing at all. The others go to school and learn and play games, but I can't do that. You know I can't. I . . . I . . . ain't like the others . . ."

"No, that's right. You ain't like the others, which means you're a damn sight better. You're a good little boy. You do what I say. Except when you go down to the tracks once in a while, but I guess you got to do that sometimes just to keep busy. You go to Sunday School, and you take off your hat when you talk to grown-ups, and you don't give no offence. If the Lord had wanted to give you brains, He'd have given them to you. Maybe even made you a banker or a lawyer or an engineer, I don't know. Instead, He made you as you are—a little simple and a little slow. Just so you could be my friend. Don't you understand, Eric?"

The head, too heavy for the body, moved in slow assent. Yes, Eric was glad that the Lord had made him Mr. Steele's friend. Otherwise he would never have heard all those stories about the Indians and their hunting parties, about gathering maple sugar in a quiet eastern wood, about the big boats that carry grain on the lakes, about the salmon leaping in the Fraser River, about the wise men and their gifts. Still, it was hard to be happy when Mr. Steele was your only friend.

"Where's your Ma today?"

"Home, I guess. I haven't been there since early this morning. She gave me five cents and I spent it down at the drugstore. Bought some candy, only it didn't last very long."

"You fool boy, why didn't you go home for your dinner, like I tell you! You ever expect to grow up?" The old man went to the kitchen and came back with a glass of milk and a handful of biscuits. "Here, take this, and don't let me hear tell of you missing another meal. You understand!"

"Ma's too busy today. She told me to stay away. She got a new man to look after. They told me to stay away until night. They don't want me to go home."

A new man. One of an endless procession. They came suddenly, stayed as long as the woman pleased them, and then went as they had come. A long procession: railroaders and truck drivers, labourers and transients, white and shades of white, drunken and sober, old and young. Rage swelled up inside the old man, and he was moved to fury against this woman who desecrated the holiness of the act and gave life to this helpless soul for God.

Conceived in sin and born in corruption: that was Eric, that was all of us. In the night, in the warmth of the bedding

place, with stealth before the quietness of sleep, in lust without thought for the end that God had planned. A little child, naked and screaming, leaping into a world of enemies; building up flesh and bone for thirty years and breaking it down for the next thirty. Then the decay and the passing on, again naked and screaming. That was birth and life and death for all of us. Only some had the comfort of home and friends. But this boy, alone, had not even a mother's breast on which to lay his heavy, empty head. Idiot son of an idiot mother.

He stopped his rage and rose from his chair. He went to the boy, cupped his face in strong brown hands, and looked into his eyes.

"Come on, Eric, never mind your Ma for now. Let's walk down to the church and look after the garden. Remember the daffodils we planted? They're up now, in bloom, and I know you'll like them. And I'll let you do some weeding, or maybe you'd like to help me transplant some of those flowers along the south side. What do you say, you want to come?"

They went together along the dusty main street, past the idlers in front of the liquor store, past the curious stares of the shopkeepers, along the only boulevard street to the garden of the church. An odd couple they made: a harsh old man with the spark almost dead and a simple-minded boy in whom the spark was only just quickening.

As they came to the gate, he let the boy go in advance. It gave Eric a feeling of pride to push the gate open and hold it for the old man. The sun had long since scalded the grass, but the shadows from the poplar trees gave some relief to the flowers. They stood in their yellows and blues and browns in neat orderly rows. Mr. Steele set him to work weeding and turning up their soil around their roots.

For perhaps half an hour they worked side by side without speaking. Now and again Mr. Steele paused to cram the black ash into his pipe and to light it with a match which he struck on the handle of his spade. The boy was glad that talk was unnecessary and the old man knew it.

They began to transplant the flowers. He let the boy fetch and carry but could not trust him to pry loose the hair-fine roots: Eric had his limits like all of us, only his limits were a little narrower. Later they sat down in the shade of a tree to watch the tiny world of the insects moving around them. They saw thread-legged insects prowling in a forest of grass, and they watched the ants walking lock-step, like platoons of soldiers in red and black uniforms.

They talked about God and how He created not only the ants but everything that lives and grows and dies; about how He set the world in motion, controlled the ceaseless comings and goings of the seasons, sent the rains and the snows, and moved and breathed in everything. They spoke about the flowers and how they grew from hard dry seeds in the moist soil warmed by spring suns; how the seeds became green leaves and stems; and how, in the fall, when their beauty had faded, they went back to the earth and came again when the snow had gone.

"Look at the daffodils, Eric. Now, six weeks ago you wouldn't have imagined that a little brown bulb would grow into something quite so beautiful."

No, never. Eric let his eyes stray over the bright yellow heads that nodded and swayed in the breath of a breeze. He thought for a long time; he had an idea but he was afraid to speak it. Finally he looked up and said: "Mr. Steele . . . I was just thinking that the daffodils . . ."

"Go on, Eric, what were you thinking?"

"I was thinking that the daffodils remind me of church. I don't mean at Easter. I mean . . . the church . . . the choir."

"The choir?"

The boy hesitated again and looked for more words. "The flowers look like people standing up in long dresses with happy faces singing to us."

The old man raised his head and looked again. Eric was right: it was a choir, a choir of daffodils. He took the boy's hand and held it hard up against his chest.

He fell again to talking of the past. At times the boy's face lit up and brightened with comprehension, but mostly the words were a monotonous droning in his ears and he did not understand. And yet he was content just to be near his friend, to listen to his deep voice, to smell the tobacco in his clothes, to bask in the strange sun of their comradeship.

The shadows were long and purple when they rose to go. Late afternoon sunlight filtered through the trees and made bright patterns of gold and brown on the lawn. The heat of the day had gone. The flowers closed. A breeze stirred the leaves of a forgotten fall and the town lay silent as they moved through the streets.

The noise grew as they neared the house. It was the clamour of boys at play, boys with the animal spirits bubbling up through their bodies. Destruction was taking place in the front garden of the house. They had plundered the rows of daisies, the banks of sweet peas, the beds of dahlias.

"Scum, dirty evil scum! Get off my land! Get off, damn you! I'll kill you if I ever get my hands on you!"

Mr. Steele tottered forward, his face blood-red with rage and despair. But his aged bones would not let him match the torrent of words with a display of physical force.

With whoops and calls the boys took off down the road like a herd of startled deer.

Eric stood swaying back and forth, arms clasped around his chest, as though he were nursing a crying child. Then suddenly and without warning, he plunged after the boys. Beads of foam gathered on his mouth and the sun made little mirrors of them.

They waited for him at the end of the road. They called him idiot, fool and bastard. Eric laughed until the breath choked in his throat and the tears ran in muddy trickles down his face. They threw him to the ground, beat him, rubbed his face in the dust, and spat on his head. Finally they left him there alone.

Gently the old man took the child up in his arms. He held him close to his chest and carried him down the road, through the broken garden, into the coolness of the parlour. With whispered words he soothed away the fright and pain; he brought water and bathed the lips; and with gentle hands he parted the matted hair from the forehead. Bending down again, he caught up the child and went to place him in his own bed.

On his knees, hands folded, the old man turned away from the boy and made enquiry of God.

"This is a little boy, alone and afraid, without a mother, and unarmed against the enemies of this world. He is weak and helpless and I love him like the son You never thought to give me. What must become of him and his soul? What must become of us all? What shall I do for this poor child?"

The voice came, stern and clear and full of compassion. It came from somewhere in the region of the sun and the daffodils, and it decreed: "Love this child even as you love me."

Eric was long in going to sleep. When the room was black with shadow, the old man stood up, supporting his weight on the bed and groaning with his exertions. He looked down again at the bruised face and let his fingers stray over it for a moment. Then he left the sleeping child and went to sit in his leather chair beside the fireplace.

He waited until the light had gone, then went to the bedroom, undressed, and crept quietly into the bed. He took the child in his arms and slept. He dreamed of daffodils, and of the quiet eastern woods where the maple sugar is gathered, and of the Fraser where the salmon leap and glide in their desperate struggle to return home.

## Film Review

► PARAMOUNT'S *War and Peace* is a highly creditable stab at Tolstoy's epic novel. Taste and discretion prevail from beginning to end. Though there are regrettable omissions, Director Vidor's version is a pageant of crowded and turbulent scenes. This is one film which actually can be viewed with pleasure many times and that is a tribute to its sincerity, its beauty, its colorful cast, and the heroic action of the military sections.

Jack Cardiff's photography is so exceptional that the film is worth seeing for its Vista-Vision beauties alone. The color is exquisite and on occasion, as in the mysterious freshly-revealed oyster shades of the duel episode, it creates qualities beyond Tolstoy's range; not being a visual novelist like Dickens, he rarely described a situation or place in much detail. The camera records atmosphere lavishly, dwelling on the magnificent sets, costumes and decorations, all turned out by fine Italian hands. One set, the inner square behind the gates of Moscow, is used too frequently and gives the impression that all Moscow was a Palladian stone city. What of the wooden Moscow which burned so readily? A painted vista of the city with the gleaming golden turrets of the Kremlin rising above it would have been sufficient to intimate that the red glow on the horizon was the heart of old Russia in flames.

The battle scenes are the most forceful I can remember. They are not sustained long enough to convince one that this is *war* but then battles such as Austerlitz and Borodino seem short-lived affairs to the modern mind. The direction of some of these scenes is formidable: the charge at Borodino with the horses crashing down before the camera, the panoply of columns wheeling into position, the multitudinous brilliant uniforms, and then the retreat of the Grand Army—crumpled black columns creeping slowly through snow-caked forests and over desolate winter landscapes . . . Are the Yugoslav and Italian armies made of natural actors or did Vidor and Tonti use some extras in the ranks? One false note is the absence of frosty breath. (Nonetheless it is hard to believe that *all* that snow is artificial!)

The rhythm of the second half of the picture depicting Napoleon's defeat is more accelerated than the first, as though the director had suddenly become alarmed at the need to wind it all up. While this is disastrous to the development of Tolstoy's theory of history, somehow the brief appearances of Kutuzov and Napoleon do convey the concept that these men are the tools of gigantic forces and not their masters. A heavy pall of inevitability hangs over their destinies emphasizing the irrelevancy of Napoleon's rages in the Kremlin at "No surrender!" It is odd that Czar Alexander has been eliminated. An appearance off stage at the ball would have placed the aristocrats in relation to an autocratic master and suggested the tenacity of historical pattern.

The acting can be described as adequate and that of Audrey Hepburn as brilliant. She has incredible poise and uses her whole body with assurance and grace. She bears her Nefertiti head with elegance on her long white neck—an Edwardian role must be found for her sometime if only to grace it with a wide collar of pearls. She is Natasha to the life, full of patrician fire and vivacity; she dances charmingly and precisely but it is a pity that Natasha's charms of song are not within her range. The script has deprived Miss Hepburn of the ultimate in Natashas, however, as it delineates only her genial traits — gone are the wilfulness and capriciousness, the surrender to melancholy that made her capable of poisoning herself from remorse. Miss Hepburn has been charged with creating a Natasha who does not mature. I don't agree with this at all since the Natasha of the final scene is a considerably chastened version of the girl in the

first reel. Moreover, Tolstoy's "mature" Natasha appears in the epilogue to the novel where he draws the portrait of a broken woman, not a woman who has gained in wisdom. She is a possessive slave to her husband, a bore to her friends and a menace to her children . . . "in her face no animation, . . . her soul was not visible at all." Mercifully the film ends before this occurs.

Mel Ferrer's Prince Andrey is least satisfactory. His heavy-lidded looks and stiff manner are those of the noble Bolkonski but the flame of acute intelligence and the drive that would lead him to declare "I would give all at once for a moment of glory" are lacking. If he had not slurried his diction so continually a lot else might be forgiven him. Fonda's presentation of Pierre has been criticised widely and is perhaps the most controversial aspect of the film. He is not Tolstoy's Pierre, a great sincere bumbling man at war with his baser nature, but he is a thoughtful Pierre with whom Tolstoy would have felt comfortable. In the novel Pierre is arrested as an incendiary before he has a chance to raise a gun against Napoleon, his errand of hate thwarted by instincts of love to save a child and a woman. Why does the scenarist put Napoleon in Pierre's gunsight and then make him fail? It isn't made clear what feelings prevented him from firing. Mercy? The impression is that he had a faint seizure of pacifism. Oscar Homolka's Kutuzov might have come from an Eisenstein movie and Herbert Lom's characterization of Napoleon is quite in keeping with that of Tolstoy. Both have a trace of ham but Lom does not deserve the unfavorable reviews he has received.

This must be leniency month since I was not greatly disturbed by John Mills' try at a Russian peasant with an English country accent. The lower classes all speak like Cockneys, which is not too upsetting as the supposed aristocrats all talk and act like English squires. This language device at least has the virtue of consistency. I was more disappointed with Anita Ekberg, whose sirenish qualities are merely those of another bovine Hollywood stereotype. Her one shining blank expression suggested neither a venal character, aristocratic breeding, nor "the masterly perfection of manner" of a mistress of a salon. Personally I would have liked to see more of Dolokhov's story though admittedly this would be very difficult as Anatole must have some development.

While all depth of character has been circumscribed by the compression of the script, no individual has been slickly simplified. In this limited respect the writers have remained true to Tolstoy's spirit. What they have not caught is Tolstoy's Russia—its "Russianness." The characters are not animated by any discernible grand slavic temperament, rather they move like puppets through a standard great work. The only thing which made a Russian friend of mine nostalgic was the lively scene of the troikas racing over the snow. The humans should have moved with like animation. A few more cuts of contrasting material (such as the French soldiers looting the frozen bodies of Russian women on their trek home) would have produced a much fuller picture. Such touches take only a minute but have a profound effect. There is no mention, for instance, of the serfs; they are even scarcer than the slaves in *Gone With The Wind*. Yet they were the backbone of Russia and their omission leaves an indulgent impression of the aristocracy. A few seconds of the bear at Dolokhov's party growling as he wavers on the window-sill, Natasha doing a spirited peasant dance at "Uncle's," old Count Rostov dancing youthfully while the domestic serfs crowd in a doorway to watch, the Kuragins struggling for Count Bezukhov's portfolio as he lies dying, Princess Mary's "God's Folk," balalaikas and sadness—all brief but telling details which add up to the domestic spirit of Holy Russia and which a less hurried filming of the novel

might have been able to assimilate. But a recital of what is missing should not detract from the fact that *War and Peace* is a rattling good movie.

JOAN FOX.

## Correspondence

The Editor:

I found Mr. Irving Layton's letter in your October issue very entertaining, but much too long. For the sake of posterity I have ventured to make a precis of it and turn it into verse which is commonly allowed to be more memorable than prose. In the following lines Mr. Layton must be imagined speaking. The sentiments in the third couplet, I must take the precaution of pointing out, are Mr. Layton's. Unlike him, I have no convictions about racial inferiority.

"I smell, you smell, we all smell," I wrote.  
Alas,  
The bourgeois critics took me for an ass.  
You culture-prudes, you morons, shame-faced, shy,  
Reproachful Birney, sheep-like Smith, deaf Frye,  
Cold Anglo-Saxons all, not one of you  
A laughter-loving Bulgar, Russ, or Jew.  
Watson you praise, but Dudek not enough,  
Turning your noses up at *Dirty Stuff*,—  
A poem, beautiful, audacious, sane,  
About a tart who didn't pull the chain.  
Dare they deny us, Dudek, you and I,  
The laurels of the privvy and plaudits of the sty,  
Bold rebels for the right to shout out sh—  
And lard our poems with it 'stead of wit?

I make no claim for these verses—such as Mr. Layton makes for his poem quoted in its entirety in the first line ("an exquisite melange of vulgarity, cynicism, and witty phrasing")—beyond affirming that they are true to the spirit always and mostly to the letter also of Mr. Layton's epistle. The only quality they fail to catch is the humorless seriousness and self-righteous indignation with which Mr. Layton castigates "those white-livered renegades, Frye, Wilson, Smith and MacLure" for, among other things, a "failure to applaud with humility and gratitude" . . . what?—Dudek's ponderous and pompous piece of stale Pound cake, *Europe!* However, Layton and Dudek are rapidly making themselves the ideal objects of classical satire, and I hope they will be round a long time to provide fit subjects for the muse of comedy.

A. J. M. Smith.

## Books Reviewed

**REPORT ON BLACKLISTING:** Vol. 1, Movies; Vol. 2, Radio and Television; John Cogley; The Fund for the Republic Inc., 1956.

In a two-year study, John Cogley, former editor of *The Commonwealth*, and a staff of researchers have dug out and provided us with the facts on blacklisting arising out of Communism or suspicion of communist sympathies in the entertainment industry.

We now know that blacklisting did exist, and to some extent still does exist. We know in what a subtle, concealed way it operates. We have numerous specific examples of how individuals have been affected. Neither Mr. Cogley nor the Fund for the Republic express outright opinions or offer recommendations. Their task has been to reveal the actual situation and its problems. This has been thoroughly accomplished.

The dark ages of blacklisting in the entertainment industries extend back over a period of ten years. The blackest days were reached in the early 1950's. The period began with the hearings of the Un-American Activities Committee in California in 1947. But, at the height of the terror, it was

private organizations such as Counterattack, Aware Inc., and the American Legion which served as accuser, judge, and jury, on questions of loyalty.

The preparation of lists of entertainers suspected of some degree of red taint became a flourishing industry. Once listed, it was the task of the entertainer to clear himself of the charge. A few "authorities" emerged who could prescribe the process by which the individual could gain clearance, and with it the opportunity to be once again employed in his profession. Roy Brewer, a union official, was in this position on the West Coast. George E. Sokolsky, conservative columnist, was probably the high priest for both coasts. Top American Legion officials had the power. These men gave opinions on how to secure clearance, and sometimes helped entertainers to gain employment when convinced that they were innocent, had recanted, and had taken active steps to prove their anti-Communism. Further down the ladder were lesser authorities who would counsel people in trouble with the blacklist, for a fee.

The entertainment industries have received as much attention in the matter of loyalty as the atomic plants and the State Department—and considerably more publicity. A careful study of film content revealed that in fact nothing subversive or Un-American has appeared on the screen. Nor did subversive propaganda trouble radio or television. But many of those employed as actors and writers were highly paid and widely known. In one view, "it is not right or fair for an actor who has enormous influence because of his popularity to campaign actively and take a political position. He is entitled to a vote or an opinion, but his influence is out of all proportion to his knowledge."

The employers of talent cooperated fully with the system of the blacklists. The movie studios and networks felt this was necessary to protect their reputations with the public. All this was done quietly, with the people affected rarely given the real reason for the unemployability. An actor would be reported to a director as "unavailable."

These reports are factual, but it is enough to know that those involved in the institution of blacklisting all accepted the principle that it was not important whether a man was actually a member of the organizations listed after his name, or whether participation in those organizations indicated that he was a Communist or sympathetic to Communism. It was enough that the charges had been made. Clearance was the responsibility of the individual. This was a clear instance of guilty until proved innocent. The process of attempting to secure clearance, once listed, is like a Kafka trial.

Few individuals or institutions emerge with honor. George E. Sokolsky is given credit for honesty according to his principles and generous effort on behalf of individuals he felt had been wronged. Edward R. Murrow was a rare example of a man who could speak out against blacklisting without suffering. But the studios and networks felt that their commercial interests required them to risk offending no segment of the mass audience. The silent power of the blacklist in Hollywood and on Madison Avenue destroyed many promising careers.

The one bright spot is the legitimate theatre of Broadway. Here Actors Equity Association put itself on record as opposed to both communism and fascism, and then established an anti-blacklisting committee. Further, the League of New York Theatres joined with Equity in a joint union-management statement of opposition to blacklisting.

Albert A. Shea.

**THE MIRROR IN THE ROADWAY: A STUDY OF THE MODERN NOVEL:** Frank O'Connor; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 316; \$5.00.

In an age of books about books, the claim to plug a gap is often made the justification for a new study, as if there

were some virtue in leaving nothing for a reader to discover for himself. At any rate, this is Mr. O'Connor's claim for his series of lectures: "Whatever their faults, they fill a gap, and attempt to cover a great art otherwise covered only in sections." The theme is the rise, flourishing, decline and transformation of the nineteenth-century novel (the "modern" novel of the title-page).

Successfully done, a book like this would do much more than fill a gap, for Mr. O'Connor's concern is with the European, not the English novel, and a comprehensive view of the novel before it suffered the sea-change of the early twentieth century (which is included also), might have been valuable and exciting stuff. Unfortunately, the book is a rather pretentious failure.

Basically, Mr. O'Connor is a critic of ideas and of authors, not of novels, and what dominates his book is "the classical distinction between judgment and instinct, which in dreams is represented by the metaphor of mother and father." The rest is obvious: a Cook's tour of the neuroses, sexual failures and spiritual dilemmas of the authors, until *Esmond* becomes a superb novel "Because it is the perfect solution of an Oedipal situation that underlies all Thackeray's work," Jane Austen is made a near-Puritan shrinking from a too-sensual sinful thrill of poetry, and we know exactly who practiced self-abuse and who else had homosexual tendencies. It is the wonder of the book that Henry James' famous injury makes no appearance.

Well, all this is fascinating in a gossipy way, but it destroys the book. Despite many patches of shrewd insight and clear and tactful criticism, *The Mirror in the Roadway* is in effect a traitor to its thesis, for if the rise, flourishing, decline and transformation of a great form of art rest, when examined, only on the individual (and so historically accidental) psychological ills or struggles of the authors, then there is no history of the novel to write the book about, and the rise, etcetera, of the nineteenth-century novel is only a by-product of something else, a something else which is hardly even a historical development.

The gap is not plugged. We may, possibly do, need a book on the nineteenth-century novel as a great genre with a form, a history, and a meaning of its own, but it will have to be some other book than this. A private psychological system of the twentieth century is a poor tool for the exploration even of twentieth-century books.

David Knight.

THE TRANSPARENT SEA: Louis Dudek; Contact Press; pp. 118; \$2.00.

Mr. Dudek has been reciprocally praised by Irving Layton, pseudonymously praised by himself, exotically praised by Carlos Williams, praised obliquely and implicitly by Northrop Frye (with faint damns), praised with the flattery of quotation by Marianne Moore, that female Autolycus among poets, that snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: all of which raises one's expectations of this new collection to a level that is perhaps too exacting. At all events, the poetry is a sharp disappointment.

Most of the poems look much like other little poems manufactured by the Montreal group. They take the form of little exclamations, little gasps at the pretty things in nature, which are quickly broken off or wrenched to a trick ending by one of a number of standard ploys or poetical gambits. Only one such piece strikes me as nearly successful: the one called *Inscription*, which, but for the sloppy line "the folk-art of the people" (who else would have folk-art?) might be taken for the work of Mr. Pound:

and of that captain of hosts in Sinai  
leaving the silver mines, who wrote on a wall

'I was here  
I was in charge of the business.'

That, indeed, is sharply and truly imagined.

In much of the verse, however, Mr. Dudek's sensibility seems at war with his manner. He's really quite a different poet from the one he appears to think he is. Phrases like "wondrous fare," "a troubled sea of clouds," "lips/That are so red for me to kiss," "what only each could give," etc., etc.—such phrases are stock poeticalities dear to the sort of poet that Mr. Dudek disdains. Gushing emotion is more often in evidence than powerful feeling. But when Mr. Dudek attempts a more intelligent and urbane manner, he is capable of such lines as:

Why not Mme. de Pompadour's petticoats,  
or pants wherein such a one committed her approved adulteries?

Mme. de Pompadour is there because she is French (and they do these things better, etc.), but a little worldliness would have shown the poet that his second line errs against common sense.

There is some pleasant pastiche (*Old Song*), some nice melancholy meditation in Eliotish free verse (*Keweydin Poems*) and some nearly successful translation. The version of Catullus is pleasing in a Binkish way, except for the line:

in long perpetual night must sleep.

If the night was perpetual, of course it was long. But Catullus wrote: 'nox est perpetua una dormienda'—i.e.: 'one eternal night.' This is the sort of mistake one doesn't expect a poet—even an unlatined one—to make.

For the rest, it looks as if Mr. Dudek is a lover of poetry, ambitious to wear the laurel, but, unfortunately, deficient in that overflowing poetic talent to which he pretends. Most of his work is forced or insipid; but posterity will remember him as the man who played Billy Graham to Irving Layton's Messiah.

Kildare R. E. Dobbs.

TILL WE HAVE FACES: C. S. Lewis. Geoffrey Bles; pp. 320; 15s.

"A Myth Retold": the subtitle of Mr. C. S. Lewis's new romance, *Till We Have Faces*, at once invites its comparison with the work of Mr. Robert Graves, who has been busy retelling all the best stories from *David Copperfield* to the Gospels and the *Odyssey*; and such a comparison becomes inevitable as soon as it is realized that the myth chosen is that of Cupid and Psyche, which comes to us from a writer whom Graves has recently translated—Apuleius—and whose particular form of pagan religion he cleaves to and attempts to propagate. Instead of employing the straight narrative traditional in the telling of myth, Lewis uses the Graves technique of adopting the point of view of a narrator—the princess and later queen of a small barbarian kingdom. And as Graves achieved a new perspective on the Homeric story by having his Nausicaa relate the action of *Homer's Daughter*, so Lewis places his narrator close to the centre of the mythos but detached from it sufficiently to effect a dislocation and demand a revaluation in the mind of a reader familiar with the original story. We are given Psyche's story as part of the life of the person Apuleius baldly characterizes as the envious eldest sister.

Orual the narrator, finding it impossible—or rather, intolerable—to believe that her beautiful and beloved sister Psyche should really be the bride of a god whose face she has not seen, manages to combine in her mind two incompatible interpretations of her sister's experience — the barbarian superstition that the god is a predatory "Shadow-beast," and the hellenic rationalization of it as no more than

a mountain brigand ashamed to show his face. And so she practises on Psyche all the "robberies and assassinations of love" in an effort to justify her unbelief, until at the end her system collapses when the genuine element of her love undermines the false.

The romance is divided into a long first book in which Orual elaborately justifies herself against the gods, and a short second book which is intended at once as her vision of truth and as a retraction. The first is the more completely successful: it is a most remarkable combination of swift narrative and the self-revelation (partly deliberate, partly involuntary) of a complex mind and character which, though fully individual, is also fully representative of a phase in religious history. In the second book, though often rising to passages of eloquence, the author seems too intent on saving the phenomena—on bringing in all the odds and ends of the original story that he has not already used. Not only that; the second book is unmythical in its carefulness lest we miss the point, which is that Greek reasonableness and barbarian religious feelings are both fulfilled in a revelation of supernatural love. Graves does not so labor his pagan moral, even though we are not pagans and never will be. I think Lewis might have relied more trustingly on his being right about people, to convey his superior truth of doctrine.

William Blissett.

**THE NUN'S STORY;** Kathryn Hulme; Little Brown; pp. 339, \$4.50.

**THE WOODEN SWORD;** Edward McCourt; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 255; \$2.75.

These two recent novels are poles apart in subject, style, and quality, but they do make an interesting contrast. Miss Hulme has chosen to write about a world almost entirely strange to most of us: that of a community of nuns. Professor McCourt has taken a much more familiar world: the campus of a Canadian university. The result is a striking example of the triumph and failure of the creative imagination: Miss Hulme carries us with her into the strange world so that we can understand and share the trials of Sister Luke, but Professor McCourt leaves us still puzzled and unsure about the problems of his neurotic English instructor.

I started *The Wooden Sword* with interest because its setting is obviously inspired by my own university (Saskatchewan) where Mr. McCourt is now teaching. The subject also seemed interesting: the struggle of an English teacher to free himself from neurotic chains that bind him to the past. But my expectations were soon dulled. Mr. McCourt has caught the flavor of the campus, but his characters are too obviously characters: they never become people. Indeed, apart from his central figure, they are strictly two-dimensional, and rather vaguely sketched at that. He does make an attempt to take us into Steven Venner's mind, but that proves a rather unrewarding journey. From the first chapter it is obvious that the amnesia-ridden instructor must go back and explore his past, and that exploration is emphasized and prolonged far beyond its dramatic value. In the end the long-awaited revelation turns out to be a dud, and we're left wondering what all the fuss was about. The best part of the book is a section that has nothing at all to do with the main story: an amusing description of a staff meeting at which the professors try to come to grips with the problem of academic salaries.

I know many professors, but few nuns, so I approached *The Nun's Story* with no great expectations. Almost immediately I found myself caught up in this new world, and following with eager interest the mental and physical adventures of Sister Luke, a Belgian girl who joined a famous nursing order. As she moves from Novice to nun, and from a Brussels convent to the Belgian Congo and back again, we

share fully in her thoughts and her work. We learn of the rules which govern the nuns' every word and movement, and of the penances which correct every error of action or thought. We follow Sister Luke as she nurses mental patients in an asylum and treats leprosy victims in the African jungle. We meet remarkable personalities: the Superior General and Mother Matilda, Dr. Fortunati and Father Vermeuhlen, and we miss them when they pass from the story. We are led to understand the value of the religious discipline, and we share Sister Luke's distress when she finds her hatred of the Nazis is leading her away from the course she has followed so faithfully. It is a tribute to the novelist's skill that she awakens not only our interest but also our sympathy and understanding for a way of life so unlike anything that most of us know.

Edith Fowke.

**RIDEAU WATERWAY;** Robert Legget; University of Toronto Press; pp. xiv, 249; \$5.00.

There is a category of Canadians, not too easy to define, which lies between the tourist handbook, full of "romance" and production figures, and the local history, too often filled with material of mainly parochial or antiquarian interest. Whatever the category be called, good books may be written here that combine vivid description of a piece of contemporary Canada with the revealing perspective of its past—and such a book is *Rideau Waterway*. It recounts the building and subsequent story of the Rideau Canal, then tours the present-day water route, in a happy blend of careful historical inquiry and easy, colorful narrative that should make more Canadians want to examine the interest and beauty of the Rideau for themselves.

The author gives proper eminence to Colonel John By, the builder of this once great military project, and his explanations make plain that its construction was no small engineering achievement in the early nineteenth century. His chapters spent in cruising the quiet inland waterway of today make no less plain what a warm affection he feels for it. Altogether this is an attractive volume, instructive, enjoyable; and enhanced by handsome production and some very good photographs.

J. M. S. Careless.

**EUROPEAN PAINTINGS IN CANADIAN COLLECTIONS;** R. H. Hubbard; Oxford; pp. 154; \$7.50.

In this day of good communications, excellent photography and technical skill, we are constantly offered the very best in art books: the best of reproductions of the best of paintings. As a result the present book of sixty-eight monochromes and only six color plates falls the least bit flat, due to the lack of color. Yet we have some wonderful yet little-known paintings of the Old Masters.

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it is encouraging and exciting to find out that the National Gallery is buying as much as it is. Not many of us know what paintings *are* here in Canada—or even in existence—and may never have a chance to see them. This fact alone makes the book a worthwhile and important project.

The notes are excellent. They are situated on the page opposite the painting, obviously the proper place for them, but which has been overlooked in many such volumes heretofore. In his notes, Mr. Hubbard gives not only a brief history of the artist and an appraisal of the painting, but also these important facts: size and painting medium; where the painting has been referred to in the literature; where exhibited and when; and finally to what collections it has belonged.

Thus an interesting story is revealed in connection with the *Venus* of Lucas Cranach the Elder:

Ex Collection:

Grafin von Friesen-Hiltitz, Dresden.  
Ernst Proehl, Amsterdam (1924-40)  
Hermann Goering (1940)  
Ernst Proehl, Amsterdam  
Acquired by the National Gallery of Canada, 1953.

R. T. Lambert.

#### CANADA AND WORLD POLICE

(Continued from front page)

frustrating argument. (General Burns had attended as observer for Canada.) Despairing of any early fulfillment of the Charter's grandiose provisions for common defence, Secretary-General Trygve Lie, in his report of 1948 to the General Assembly, attempted a more modest approach. Invoking his considerable rights under Article 101, he proposed the immediate creation, as a "normal unit" of his Secretariat, of a small, symbolic "UN Guard."

The projected Guard was the prototype of the UN Police now in process of hurried formation and deployment. It was to be provided with UN Uniforms, "personal emergency weapons and equipment," to be composed of volunteers from member nations, sworn to obey the UN only. Its duties were to include supervision of plebiscites, truce arrangements, demilitarized zones, etc. "Availability of international protective personnel," affirmed Mr. Lie, "is a *sine qua non* of a Mission's ability" to fulfill its functions. Quoting convincing examples, he added: "There has not yet been a single case before the UN where a large force would have been needed, had a small one been in existence to move in at the proper time. Backed by the power of the United Nations, such a force would command respect that armed forces of any one Member would not." (The assumption then, as now, was that probably no national force would open fire upon the composite police force, but there are exceptions to every rule!) The full development of Lie's scheme was prevented by tragic events. The rally to the rescue of South Korea in June, 1950, was not regular police action. Rather, President Truman responded to the justified appeal of the invaded country; and the Security Council, thanks to the fortunate absence of sulking Russia, was able unanimously to endorse his bold decision.

Next, upon the ingenious initiative of the United States, the General Assembly assumed authority to act in any future emergency if the Security Council found itself deadlocked. Also in 1950, in response to an American motion, Canada offered to place a contingent permanently at the disposal of UN; but, owing to their overseas troubles and the paralysis of the Security Council, Britain and France felt unable to follow suit, and this effort to live up to Article 43, remained without effect.

The present emergency police experiment, unlike the systematic plans which have failed, was improvised by Canada haphazard, in a moment of dire crisis, and launched by the General Assembly, a heterogeneous and strife-ridden body. The latter's saving grace is that most of its members vote according to the principles of the Charter, except when their own immediate interests appear adversely affected. It has revealed a sound instinct in conferring unprecedented responsibility and authority upon the Secretary-General (the personal guardian of the Charter) and upon the UN's trusted servant, General Burns. Otherwise the whole venture could have ended in chaos. Even now, almost uncanny intuition, coupled with tireless patience, tact and resolution, will be needed to guide this bold enterprise to a satisfying conclusion. One success could engender another and so on from precedent to precedent, each achievement of its police force strengthening the UN as a whole, *qui vivra, verra*.

The saddest feature of the present situation is the humiliating position of Britain and France, the principal pillars of the old League of Nations and hitherto honored members of the U.N., who by a painful paradox appear to have created the desired police force by indirection and momentarily against themselves.

In *The Canadian Forum* of March, 1954, I argued against the projected European Army of "EDC," which bore only an illusory resemblance to a UN police force—as I hope to explain in the next issue.

S. MACK EASTMAN.

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